温故

Ex Libris
Within good books lie buried treasures
Charles Dickens

Charles Dana Higgs

STORIES FROM THE EARLY WORLD

PLATE I

Attendants of the Shogun

STORIES FROM THE EARLY WORLD

BY

R. M. FLEMING

WITH AN APPENDIX BY

H. J. FLEURE, D.Sc.

PROFESSOR OF GEOGRAPHY AND ANTHROPOLOGY
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES, ABERYSTWYTH

NEW YORK
THOMAS SELTZER
1923

COPYRIGHT, 1923, by
THOMAS SELTZER, Inc.

All rights reserved

Printed in the United States of America

FOREWORD

It is my very pleasant duty to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to Mr. E. N. Fallaize, B.A., Honorary Secretary of the Royal Anthropological Institute. He has not only placed at my disposal his unique knowledge of archæological art, but has added to his kindness by collecting the illustrations after helping me to choose them. It has cost him much time and energy, and I am proportionately grateful. Dr. H. J. Fleure, Professor of Geography and Anthropology, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, Honorary Secretary of the Geographical Association, has very kindly acceded to my request and written an appendix gathering together the threads of social evolutionary history which run through the lighter texture of the tales, and it gives me much pleasure to record my thanks to him. I am also indebted to Miss M. Edith Durham, the well-known authority on Balkan problems, for having permitted me to use the manuscript of her unpublished Serbian tales; to Dr. J. L. Myres, M.A., Wykeham Professor of Ancient History at Oxford, for help in various directions, and especially for help with the story of Crœsus; to Mrs. Robert Aitken (Miss Barbara Freire-Marreco), who has made a study of the Hopi Indians, for help with bibliographies; and to Principal J. H. Davies, M.A., University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, for help with sources of Welsh folk tales.

My thanks and acknowledgments for the illustrations are due to the following:—Miss Lilian Hall for the loan of the Japanese print, part of which is reproduced in Plate I.; the Director and Trustees of the British Museum for permission to reproduce illustrations from the publications of the Museum, Plates II. and VIII., and for permission to figure

the Maori wall panel in Plate IX.; Miss Elizabeth H. Harper for the loan of, and permission to reproduce, her water-colour sketch, Plate VI., which has been pronounced by those who have seen the Totem Poles to be a remarkably faithful reproduction of their colouring; the Council of the Royal Anthropological Institute for permission to reproduce illustrations from the *Journal* of the Institute, and from *Man,* Plates VII. and XI.; also in the case of Plate VII. to Mr. Northcote W. Thomas, the author of the article with which the illustration originally appeared; Messrs. F. Bruckmann & Co., of Munich, for their permission to reproduce part of Plate 113 from Fürtwangler's *Griechische Vasenmalerei,* Plate IV.; the Director of the Victoria Memorial Museum, Ottawa, for permission to reproduce Plate X., and Mr. D. Jenness for a copy of the original photograph; the Council of the Egypt Exploration Fund for permission to reproduce Plate III.; the Council of the Royal Irish Academy for permission to figure the Ardagh Chalice, and for very kindly supplying a copy of the photograph, Plate XII. I have also to thank Capt. T. A. Joyce, M.A., O.B.E., and Mr. H. J. Braunholtz, M.A., of the Ethnographical Department of the British Museum, for assistance in selecting the Maori wall panel for illustration, and in obtaining the photograph; and Mr. E. N. Fallaize for the photograph of "A Lion Hunt in Ancient Days," which he obtained in Constantinople.

RACHEL M. FLEMING

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Cedars of Lebanon	*Egypt*	1
The Eloquent Peasant	*Egypt*	7
The Doomed Prince	*Egypt*	11
The Tale of the Two Brothers	*Egypt*	15
A Story of King Solomon	*Arabia*	21
Crœsus	*Lydia*	26
The Boyhood of Cyrus	*Persia*	35
Sargon of Agade	*Babylonia*	41
Etana and the Eagle	*Babylonia*	44
A Joke from the Lushai Hills	*Burma*	48
Raven	*Tlingit, N. America*	49
Queen Charlotte Islands	*Tlingit, N. America*	52
The Corn Maidens	*Zuni, New Mexico*	55
The Man Who Loved His Father	*China*	58
Shun	*China*	61
The Wheel of Life		65
Fa Hian	*China*	68
Manavamma	*Ceylon*	75
Hatupatu and His Brothers	*Polynesia*	78
Green Jasper and Obsidian	*Polynesia*	82
The Prince of the Reed Plains	*Japan*	87

		PAGE
The Prince Who Could Not Speak	*Japan*	91
Yoshitsune	*The Land of the Ainu*	97
Kasiagsak the Trickster	*Greenland*	100
How the Wolf Became a Sledge Dog	*Greenland*	106
An Eskimo Fairy Tale	*Greenland*	110
The Big Drum	*Nigeria*	114
The Clever Trader	*Nyassaland*	118
A Story	*Serbia*	121
Sultan Suliman	*Serbia*	125
The Dwarf Miners	*Harz Mountains*	127
Völund the Smith	*Sweden*	130
Dunwallo and His Sons	*Britain*	133
Elidyr and the Golden Balls	*Wales*	138
The Adventures of Art	*Ireland*	141
Fionn and the Bent Grey Lad	*Argyllshire*	146
Appendix by H. J. Fleure, D.Sc.		153
Short Bibliography		161

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATE

I. Attendants of the Shogun . *Frontispiece*

This is a portion of a print of a procession of the Shogun and his attendant courtiers. The title "Shogun" came into use about the beginning of the eighth century, and was in the first instance the name given to the chief general of the army. Later the military class became so important that the Shogun often had more real power than the Mikado. On the drapery of the palanquin may be seen the crest of the Shogun's family. The difference in race type between the features of (1) the low-class Japanese in the foreground, (2) the courtiers, (3) the grooms (who have much in common with the Tartar type) is an interesting side-light on the origins of the Japanese.

(*From a Japanese Print lent by Miss L. Hall.*)

FACING PAGE

II. Her-Heru, the First Priest King, and Queen Netchemet 5

The king and queen are raising their hands in prayer to Osiris while the heart of the queen is being weighed in the balance. The details of the picture are well worth studying, and the British Museum publishes a pamphlet, "The Book of the Dead" (1/6), which will be found invaluable. The title "Book of the Dead" is rather misleading. There is no specific book, but the title refers to the collection of funeral paintings and inscriptions which were composed by the scribes of ancient Egypt for the benefit of the dead. Sometimes they were cut or painted on the walls of pyramids, tombs and coffins, and sometimes inscribed on rolls of papyrus.

(*From the "Book of the Dead," British Museum,* 1920, *p.* 9.)

III. The Blind Harper 17

This statue, now in the Cairo Museum, was found in a grave at Nag' ed-Dêr in 1913 by the Harvard-Boston Expedition. It is of limestone, painted, the harper being coloured brownish yellow, with black hair and a white skirt. It is 18 cm. in height, and is XIIth Dynasty or earlier. It has been chosen to accompany these Egyptian folk-tales to bring out the fact that they were sung to Egyptian audiences in much the same way as our own tales were sung by bards and minstrels. The harp was in use in Egypt at a very remote date, and there is something about its general appearance which suggests that it was an adaptation of the hunter's bow. Note the difference in type between the harper and the king and queen in the other Egyptian plate.

(*From "Journal of Egyptian Archaeology," Vol. VI.,* 1920, *Pl. XIV.*)

PLATE FACING PAGE

IV. CRŒSUS ON THE FUNERAL PYRE . . . 31

The representation of the king as seated in solitary, regal state on the pyre, holding his sceptre in one hand and pouring a libation to Apollo with the other, is interesting. The designs are very typical, as is the similarity of physique of the Lydian king and his Persian tormentor.

(*From a Greek Vase now in the Louvre, Paris. Reproduced by permission of the publishers from Fürtwangler's "Griechische Vasenmalerei," Munich. F. Bruckmann & Co.*, 1909. *Pl. CXIII.*)

V. A LION HUNT IN ANCIENT DAYS . . 39

The wonderful fire and energy of this beautiful carving, and the delicacy of its detail, made us select this picture to illustrate the fear of wild beasts so well brought out in the story of the boyhood of Cyrus. It should be noted, however, that it is much later in date than the story itself.

(*From the Sarcophagus of Alexander now in the Museum of Antiquities, Constantinople.*)

VI. TOTEM POLES 49

This original painting of totem poles, as seen to-day in Cormorant Island, Vancouver, is full of interest, and has much value in its relation to North American Indian customs. The thunderbird, whale and seal are to be seen on the pole in the foreground. These totems of tribal groups are used as distinguishing emblems much as crests and coats of arms were formerly used in Europe.

(*From an original water-colour sketch by Miss Elizabeth M. Harper.*)

VII. A BUDDHIST WHEEL OF LIFE FROM JAPAN . 65

(*From "Man,"* 1901, *No.* 1, *"A Buddhist Wheel of Life from Japan," by Northcote W. Thomas.*)

VIII. CHINESE POTTERY STATUE OF A LOHAN . 73

The Lohan were the apostles of Buddha, sixteen in number. This statue is said to have come from the sanctuary situated in the wild and mountainous country near Ichowfu, in Chih-li, to which it was probably carried for safety when Buddhism was persecuted in China. The statue is a little larger than life-size, and measures 41 inches, or, including the base, 47¼ inches in height. It is modelled in white clay and is covered with glaze. It is of the T'ang period (618-906 A. D.). The flattening of the head and the enlargement of the ears are signs of sanctity in Buddhist art.

(*In the British Museum. Reproduced from "Chinese Pottery Statue of a Lohan." Printed by Order of the Trustees of the British Museum*, 1920.)

IX. MAORI CARVED WALL PANEL . . . 83

The prevalence of the spiral design in Maori art is striking and should be compared with the use of the spiral in Bronze Age, Celtic and early Teutonic art in Western Europe.

(*Now in the British Museum. From a photograph.*)

PLATE FACING PAGE

X. A Tree-River Eskimo Harnessing his Dog (Alaska) 107

(From the "Life of the Copper Eskimos," by D. Jenness. Report of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, 1913-15; Southern Party, 1913-16. Fig. 58. Ottawa, 1922. By permission of the Director of the Victoria Memorial Museum, Ottawa.)

XI. Ju-Ju Stone and Carved Wooden Pillar 115

The Ju-Ju, or spirit which is supposed to dwell in the stone, protects the village and those who offer sacrifices to it at the foot of the stone. In the background of the picture is the Egbo House, the home of the local Egbo Secret Society. Owing partly to climatic conditions and partly to the situation of the Ju-Ju stones, good photographs are difficult to obtain. The general appearance gives the reader the native background for such stories as the "Big Drum." The carving is rough and therefore contrasts forcibly with the skill displayed in the complex Maori wall panel (Pl. IX.), and the beauty of the Vancouver Totem Poles (Pl. VI.)

(From "Ikom Folk Stories from Southern Nigeria," by E. Dayrell. Occasional Papers of the Royal Anthropological Institute, No. 3, 1913, Pl. II.)

XII. The Ardagh Chalice 146

This chalice is unique, being the only example of an early Irish chalice known. It is made of gold, silver and bronze, set with coloured enamels and amber. Size, 7 inches in height, 9 inches in diameter, base 6 inches in diameter. The base is of bronze gilt, the underside being richly ornamented with filigree work in interlaced design, and a large crystal set in the middle. In date it is probably not much later than eighth century A.D., and may be nearly contemporary with the famous brooch of Tara. It is a wonderful example of the skill for which the early Irish goldsmiths were noted. A reproduction of the photograph, from which this plate is taken, appears in the *Guide to the Celtic Antiquities of the Christian Period preserved in the National Museum, Dublin,* by Geo. Coffey, Edition 2, 1910, in which other views of the chalice are given.

(Now in the National Museum, Dublin. From a photograph.)

STORIES FROM THE EARLY WORLD

STORIES FROM THE EARLY WORLD

CEDARS OF LEBANON

An Egyptian Story (End of XXth Dynasty)

About three thousand years ago an Egyptian named Unamon was sent by the High Priest of Amen of Thebes to obtain cedar wood from Lebanon. The wood was needed to make a festival barge for the great god Amen, for Egypt has always been lacking in timber, since her narrow, fertile river-land is fringed on either side by desert. In ancient times the cedars of Lebanon were famous through all the countries that border the Mediterranean. This High Priest, Her-Heru, afterwards became the first Priest King of Egypt, and even when Unamon was sent out, Her-Heru was so powerful that it was he and not the King of Egypt who gave him his letters of introduction.

Unamon started out for Tanis, in the delta, with letters addressed to Egyptian and Syrian princes. He was also entrusted with a precious image of Amen, called Amen-of-the-Road. This image was to serve as a token of the sacred trust which had been given to Unamon. At Tanis Unamon went to the palace of the Governor and gave to him the letters, asking that a ship should be found for him. "I will do it, I will do it," said the Governor. "All that the High Priest asks I will do."

A ship was found which was setting out for Syria, and Unamon was entrusted to the care of the captain. The voyage across the great Syrian Sea was safely accomplished, and the ship called at the town of Dor, near Mount Carmel,

to take in provisions. The King of Dor heard that a messenger from Egypt was on the boat, and very courteously sent bread and wine and beef to Unamon as a present. But next morning Unamon found that a thief had stolen from him his gold and silver. He thereupon went to the King of Dor and said, "I have been robbed in thy harbour. Thou art the King of the land. Search, then, for the gold and silver. It belongs to Amen and his priest Her-Heru, and is meant to pay the Prince of Byblos for timber for the bark of Amen of Thebes." The King replied, "Thy Honour and Excellence! Behold this complaint is nothing to do with me. If the thief who went on board thy ship to steal thy treasure belonged to my land, I would repay the money to thee from the treasury. But the thief who robbed thee belongs to thy ship. However, stay here for a little while and I will seek him." After nine days the gold and silver were still missing, and when Unamon again spoke to the King, the latter became very angry, so Unamon had to depart without it. He reached Tyre, and there saw some merchants. He seized from them their silver, saying, "I will take your money and keep it till you find mine. Was it not a man of your race who robbed me of both gold and silver?"

At last Unamon reached Byblos, which lies at the foot of the hills of Lebanon, in the shadow of the cedars. Here the unhappy Egyptian, though actually in sight of the coveted cedars, despaired of ever getting them, for each morning the Prince of Byblos sent to him this rude message, "Take thyself out of my harbour." This happened for nineteen days, and the Egyptian had decided to give it up and go home, especially as he heard of a ship which was about to return to his native land. On this he placed all his belongings except the precious image, Amen-of-the-Road, which had been carefully hidden away. Unamon told the ship's captain that when darkness settled he would bring the image to the ship, so that no eye should see the god.

But while Unamon was making these efforts to get away,

a strange thing happened to the Prince of Byblos. For as he was sacrificing to the gods, one of the noble youths in his train began to cry out, saying, "Up! Up! Bring the god here. Bring here the messenger from the great god. Send for him!" The youth kept on crying out these words in a state of great excitement for many hours, and as the people of Byblos had heard that Unamon had with him the famous Amen-of-the-Road, the token of the great god Amen, the Prince became troubled. So just as Unamon was setting out towards the ship a messenger came to him, saying, "Remain here near the Prince till morning."

Upon this Unamon flew into a great rage and said, "Art not thou the man who hast said to me each day, 'Take thyself out of the harbour'?" For Unamon thought that very likely the messenger was mocking him and keeping him back so as to order him off again next morning. When the messenger brought back to the Prince the reply of Unamon, a message was sent to the captain of the ship, telling him not to sail till morning.

When morning came the Prince sent for the Egyptian. Unamon found the Prince sitting in his upper chamber, leaning his back against a window, while the waves of the great Syrian Sea beat against the wall behind him. The messenger gave the Prince a greeting from Amen. The Prince said, "If thou art speaking the truth and art indeed a messenger from Amen, where is the letter which the High Priest gave to thee?" Unamon answered that he had left this with the Governor of Tanis. Upon this the Prince became very angry and said that, as the letter was not in Unamon's hand, and as the ship was not a ship of Tanis, he did not feel at all sure that Unamon was really a messenger from Amen at all.

In his great distress Unamon said not one word, but kept quite silent. At last the Prince said, "On what business hast thou come hither?" Unamon replied, "I have come for timber for the bark of the great god Amen of Thebes. Thy father provided it, thy grandfather provided it, surely thou also wilt provide it?" The Prince then ordered the journal

of his fathers to be brought in, and found that it was indeed true that his fathers had provided timber for Egypt, but that they had been well paid for it.

He said to Unamon, "As for me, I am neither thy servant, nor the servant of him that sent thee. If I provide the timber, thou must provide the ships and tackle to carry it. If I make the sails they may be top heavy and break in the thunder-storms, for only the Egyptians are clever workers. If Amen has equipped the land of Egypt so wonderfully, what need is there then for thee to make these miserable journeys?"

Upon hearing these sneers Unamon lost his temper. He first abused the Prince roundly, and then explained that Amen was lord of everything, but especially lord of life and health. He reminded the Prince that his fathers had worshipped Amen, and told him that Amen could bestow upon those who pleased him life and health, as well as riches. He added, "Let my scribe be brought in that I may send him to the princes at Tanis, who will send thee all thy trifles again."

The Prince agreed and the messenger was sent, Unamon remaining at Byblos to wait for the answer. The messenger returned within forty-eight days, bringing gold, silver, linen, papyrus, ox hides, rope, lentils and fish for the Prince, and also a small present of linen, lentils and fish for Unamon.

The Prince was delighted, and at once set 300 men and 300 oxen to work to fell the trees, and about eight months after he had left Thebes, Unamon had the pleasure of seeing the timber all dragged down to the sea-shore. The Prince of Byblos then sent to Unamon, saying, "Come." The Prince stood by the logs and told Unamon that he had done his part and provided the timber, but that the present which he had received from Egypt was not nearly as large as that his fathers had received. The Prince worked himself into a passion and added, "Behold! the last of the timber has arrived, and there it lies. Now load it. If thou art thinking of the terrors of the sea, remember there is danger from me too. Indeed! I might have done to thee as I did to other messengers who came from Egypt." Then he turned to his

PLATE II

King Her-Heru and Queen Netchemet in the Hall of Osiris

slave and said, "Here, slave! show Unamon their graves."

But Unamon burst out, "I will not see them. I will not see them. As for those messengers, they were mere men. *I* have brought the divine Amen-of-the-Road with me, token of Amen, King of Gods." Then he reminded the Prince that he had caused a stone tablet to be inscribed telling of the great things the Prince had done in order to provide timber for the god of Egypt. Unamon also reminded the Prince that when he died and went to the Land of the West, the god Amen would remember him and give him a place among the mighty. But the promise that settled the matter was that on his return to Egypt Unamon was to send further presents from the High Priest to the Prince.

Yet even now Unamon's troubles were not over, for as he was upon the shore arranging for his timber to be loaded, eleven pirate ships came in to the harbour. The men on them called out, "Arrest him! Arrest him! Do not let a ship of his pass to Egypt." This was too much for Unamon, who sat down upon the shore and began to weep aloud. The scribe of the Prince of Byblos came out and said, "Whatever is the matter?" Unamon replied, "Dost thou not see the birds which fly, which fly back to Egypt? They go to the cool canal, and how long do I remain here? Dost thou not see the pirates who prevent my return?"

The scribe went and told the Prince, who wept at the sad news. He sent to Unamon wine and meat, but Unamon still wept aloud. Then the Prince sent to him an Egyptian singer, saying to her, "Sing to him to comfort him," but Unamon still wept aloud. Then the Prince sent word to him, "Eat and drink and do not grieve so much. To-morrow I will help thee."

Morning came and the Prince sent for the pirates, saying, "Why have ye come?" They replied that they had come for the ships that were being sent to Egypt with Unamon, and that they would not let the Egyptian thief return to his own land. The Prince thought a little and said to them, "I dare not arrest the messenger of Amen on my own soil. But

I can do something for you. Let me send the messenger out of the harbour, and then your ships can chase and capture him on the open sea." Evidently the pirates thought this would be good sport, for they drew off a little and allowed the Prince of Byblos to send off Unamon to the open sea. However, he escaped the pirates after all, for a sudden gale sprang up which drove his ship upon the shores of Cyprus. The people of Cyprus came forth from the city to slay the unhappy man, but he persuaded them to bring him before their Queen. He met her as she was entering her palace, and saluted her. Then he asked her if any of her courtiers understood Egyptian. One replied that he did. Then Unamon said to him, "Say to thy mistress, I have heard even as far as Thebes, the dwelling of the great god Amen, that though injustice is done in every other place in the world, yet in Cyprus justice is always done." The flattery pleased the Queen, and she told him to lay his complaint before her. Unamon then told her that he was the messenger of the great god Amen of Thebes, and that he carried with him his token, Amen-of-the-Road. He said that if he did not return to Egypt with the image, search would certainly be made for him, and not only for him. He reminded her that the crew of his ship belonged to the Prince of Byblos, who would at once attack Cyprus if its people slew them. The Queen saw the wisdom of this, and ordered the mob to disperse.

Here the papyrus on which the story is written breaks off. We know, however, that Unamon safely reached Egypt, for later on he wrote a report for the High Priest of Amen. In this he gave an account of all that had happened to him when he was searching for Cedars of Lebanon.

THE ELOQUENT PEASANT

An Egyptian Story—IXth or Xth Dynasty

In a village on the north-western edge of the Fayum lived a peasant named Sekhti. This name meant dweller in a reedy district. Sekhti's village was rich in natron and salt, in rushes and in herbs. Sekhti had a house and a wife and children. His work was to collect the produce of the village and sell it in the south.

Each year when the summer came he collected salt and natron from the ponds, and gathered herbs and seeds and rushes for basket making. And each year he loaded his asses with these goods and drove them south to Heracleopolis and the other great towns south of the Fayum, where he bartered his natron and salt, his rushes and herbs and seeds for the products of the south.

Now one year when he came to the land belonging to the house of a great Egyptian noble, a sad misfortune befell him. Standing on the north of the dyke by the canal was a man named Suti, who was the son of an officer on the estate of the High Steward Meruitensa. Suti beheld the asses of Sekhti and the goods they carried, and became filled with envy. He said to himself, "Oh for a good moment that I may steal the goods of Sekhti from him."

Suti's house was near the edge of the path by the canal. The path was very narrow, for in Egypt land was precious, and every owner tried to use as much as possible of the land for corn, leaving as little as he dared for the public path. On one side of it grew corn, and on the other side was the water. Said Suti to his servant, "Run! Fetch me a piece of linen from the house." The servant hastened, and laid the linen across the path so that one edge was in the water and the fringe was near the corn.

Sekhti came along the path, which was used by everyone, driving his asses before him. "Take care," exclaimed Suti, "or you will trample on my linen." "All right," replied Sekhti, "I'll be very careful." Then he tried to get his asses past on the side near the corn, so as not to trample Suti's linen. "Oh," said Suti, "so now you are going to walk over my corn instead of keeping on the path, are you?" Sekhti turned upon him indignantly and exclaimed, "The corn was not my choice, but you blocked your path with linen, and so I had to pass by the side of the path." Now as Sekhti turned to answer Suti, one of the asses cropped a mouthful of corn stalks.

At once Suti shouted, "Look you, I shall take away your ass, Sekhti, because it has been stealing my corn." The other replied, "I am going very carefully. One way was stopped, so I took my ass by the edge of the corn. You cannot seize it just for one mouthful of corn stalks. Moreover, this estate belongs to the High Steward Meruitensa, who executes justice throughout the land and punishes all robbers. He will certainly not allow a peasant to be robbed on his own estate."

Suti mocked him, saying, "That's what you think, is it? You are a poor man and have none to speak for you. My father is an officer on the estate of the High Steward. So I ask you, Will the High Steward attend to you?" Then he took branches of the green tamarisk and beat Sekhti, stole his asses from him and drove them into his own ground. Sekhti wept aloud for pain and for grief at his loss. Said Suti, "Lift not up your voice, Sekhti; you are in the land of silence." The other replied indignantly, "What, you have beaten me, stolen my goods, and now will you also take away my speech? Give me back my asses and then I will cease to cry out at your violence."

The whole day Sekhti stayed, pleading with Suti, but could get no satisfaction. Next day he went to the dwelling of the High Steward and found him coming out of his house and going down to the boat in which he was to be rowed to

the Judgment Hall. Sekhti called to him, "O turn! that I may please thy heart with my story. Let one of thy followers come to listen to me, that I may send him to thee with an account of the case." The High Steward at once sent one of his followers to take down the peasant's complaint, and it was carried to Meruitensa in the Hall of Justice. The High Steward accused Suti in the presence of the nobles. Then the nobles said, "As to this peasant, let him bring a witness. Behold, that is our custom with peasants. If Suti must pay for a trifle of natron and salt, well he will pay for it." The High Steward was silent, for he would not answer the nobles, he waited to answer Sekhti.

Sekhti came before the High Steward and made his appeal, using the most beautiful and poetic language. Meruitensa was amazed and delighted by the peasant's unexpected eloquence, and determined to tell the King about him. The peasant made this speech in the time of King Nebkanra of blessed memory. The High Steward went straight away to His Majesty and said, "My Master, I have found one of these peasants whose speech is excellent indeed. He came to me because his goods had been stolen, and pleaded his cause in the most eloquent language." His Majesty replied, "Let him spin out his complaint. Do not answer him, but let one take down his pleasant speeches and bring them to us in writing. But do not let his wife and children starve. See that they are provided for, and see that someone gives Sekhti himself food."

The High Steward sent an order to the governor of the village in which Sekhti lived, telling him to give three measures of corn to the peasant's wife each day. Each day also a friend of the High Steward gave Sekhti loaves and barley beer. The High Steward provided it, but the friend gave it, so that Sekhti should not guess from whom it came.

Sekhti came to the High Steward a second and a third time and pleaded in the most beautiful language. After the third petition, two servants of the High Steward got up and went towards the peasant, who was standing by the en-

trance of the Judgment Hall, and beat him mercilessly with their staves. Yet Sekhti was not frightened into silence, but appealed again and again, even unto the ninth time. And each time his words were taken down in writing and the King read them and was charmed by them.

The ninth time the peasant said fearlessly to the Chief Steward, "Behold I speak to thee and thou dost not reply. Shall I continue for ever and shall my voice sound on like the endless howling of a jackal of Anubis?" The two men moved toward Sekhti, who fully expected another beating. But the High Steward said, "Fear not, Sekhti, for what thou hast done. Thy many speeches have been delightful to the heart of His Majesty. I take oath that, as I eat bread and drink water, thou shalt be remembered to all eternity." Each petition of Sekhti had been written on a clean roll of papyrus and sent to the King. His Majesty Nebkanra of blessed memory found them more delightful than anything he had read.

The High Steward then sent one of his followers to the Suti's home to make a list of his household. There were six persons, oxen and goats, wheat and barley, asses and dogs. These were brought to the High Steward, and he gave them to Sekhti. He also gave to him the lands and the goods and offices of Suti. And His Majesty was so pleased with Sekhti's eloquence that he loved him more than any other of his overseers. So the peasant became a great man, and ate with the King's household of all the King's good things.

THE DOOMED PRINCE

An Egyptian Story—Probably Later Than XVIIIth Dynasty

There was once a King of Egypt who had no son for many years. But when he prayed to the gods to give him a son and heir they listened to him. Now the Seven Sacred Cows, the Hathors, who knew what would happen to every child in his future life, came to greet the babe at his birth, and said that his fate would be to die either through a crocodile, a serpent, or a dog.

The people who were tending the child went at once and repeated to the King what the Hathors had foretold. His Majesty was terribly grieved at the sad news, and became full of trouble. So he gave orders that the child should be shut up in a fine house in the country. Many servants were to wait on him, and every kind of good thing for which he asked was to be his, but he was not to be allowed to go out among other people, lest one of his three dooms should overtake him.

Now when the child was nearly grown up he was standing on the roof of the house, and saw a dog following a person who was walking along the road. He said to the servant who was with him, "What is that which follows the person going along the road?" The servant replied, "That is a dog." The young Prince said, "Let one like it be brought to me."

The servant told His Majesty the King of these things. His Majesty said, "Let there be got for him a boar hunting dog to run before him." So the Prince became the owner of a beautiful dog.

But when the Prince was quite grown up he wearied of his

palace prison, and sent to his father, saying, "Why should I remain shut up for ever? I am doomed to die by one of three deaths. Let God do whatsoever pleases Him." His Majesty the King had married another wife, and she did not at all wish the Doomed Prince to be kept safe from his fate. She hated the Prince, and urged the King to listen to his message and send him forth to meet whatever was in store for him.

So a messenger was sent from the King to the Doomed Prince, ordering him not only to leave the house, but to leave his native land. The man led the Prince out of Egypt to the land that lies upon the north-east, and said to him, "Go now wherever thou wilt. Thou art thine own master."

The Prince set out upon his travels, and his faithful boarhound followed after him. At last the Prince reached the land of a prince of Mesopotamia. This prince had an only daughter and no son. He had built a high house for her, and had placed her window many cubits distant from the ground. Then he sent for all the princes of Syria and said to them, "Whoever can climb to my daughter's window shall marry her." Many royal youths came and tried to scale the wall, but none succeeded. As they were engaged in their daily efforts to reach the Princess's window, up rode the Doomed Prince from Egypt. They welcomed him hospitably, took him into their house, washed him, and gave fodder to his horse. They did every pleasant thing possible for the Prince: they lodged him, they shod his feet, they brought him to their table. The princes said to him, "Whence comest thou, thou good youth?" He replied, "I am the son of one of the horsemen of Egypt. My mother died and my father took another wife, a stepmother. Thereupon she hated me, and I fled before her."

Then he fell silent and the youths kissed him and comforted him and told him about the daughter of the Prince of Mesopotamia. They went to climb according to their custom every day, and the Doomed Prince stood afar off and watched them. The Princess's maid stood upon the roof of

the tower and watched them also, and noticed the Doomed Prince. One day the youth joined in their efforts to climb to the window of the Princess. He not only outstripped them, but reached her window, and she drew him into her room. She loved him as soon as she saw him, and kissed and embraced him.

Someone ran to congratulate her father, and said, "A man has scaled the wall of the tower and reached thy daughter's window." The Prince replied, "Which prince is it?" But they answered, "It is the son of a horseman who has run away from Egypt from an angry stepmother." Then the father of the Princess grew exceedingly wroth and said, "How can I give my daughter to a runaway from Egypt? Let him go back again."

So his messengers went forth from his presence and said to the youth, "Go back to the place whence thou camest." But the Princess loved him and would not let him go. She wept and would not be comforted, saying, "By the name of Horus the Sun God, if I may not keep him with me I will neither eat nor drink." A messenger went to the Prince and told him that his daughter was on the point of death, and would neither eat nor drink. He became even more angry and sent men to slay the youth.

But the Princess swore a great oath and said, "By the Sun! if he is slain I will die too. I will not pass an hour of life without him." A messenger ran with all speed to her father and told him these things. He ordered the youth to be brought before him, and when the Prince saw the youth he too loved him. He embraced him and kissed him, and said to him, "Behold, thou art unto me even as my own son." The Prince replied, "I am the child of a horseman in the land of Egypt. My mother died and my father took another wife. She hated me and I ran away before her."

The Prince gave the Doomed Prince his daughter as a wife, and he gave them a handsome establishment and many servants. All this time the faithful boarhound had remained with the Prince. One day the latter said to his wife, "The

Seven Hathors doomed me at my birth to die by a crocodile, a serpent, or a dog." Then his wife begged him to take every precaution possible, and she said the faithful boar-hound must die. But her husband would not listen, and said, "I will not cause my dog to be killed. How could he do me any harm?"

Later the Prince journeyed to Egypt, and was out catching birds when a crocodile came out to him. Fortunately there was with the youth a giant, who caught the crocodile and shut it up so that the Prince escaped his first doom. The giant did not kill the crocodile, for it was a sacred one.[1]

Some time after this there had been a feast in the youth's house and he was weary. He lay down on his mat and sleep overcame him. His wife sat near him watching. A serpent came from a hole to bite the youth, but the wife called the servants and they brought drugged wine for the serpent, who drank greedily and lay down overcome by the wine. Then the woman killed it and threw it into the bath. She awoke her husband, and told him all that had passed. She said, "Behold! thy God hath given one of thy dooms into my hand." Then the youth gave thank-offerings to the gods and worshipped them.

Shortly afterwards the youth went to walk some distance from his house, and his dog was following him. The crocodile came up and said to him, "I am thy doom, I will remember thee. I will follow after thee." But the dog brought him to where the giant was, so the Doomed Prince was saved again.

Here, unfortunately, the papyrus on which the tale is written is broken off. So each one must complete the tale for himself.

[1] See picture of Sacred Crocodile in *Ancient Tales from Many Lands*, Plate II.

THE TALE OF THE TWO BROTHERS

An Egyptian Story—Older Than XIXth Dynasty

There were once two brothers, the elder named Anpu and the younger named Bata. Their home was in Egypt. Anpu had a house and a wife, and was so much older than Bata that the younger brother was almost like a son to him.

Bata was such a good labourer that there was not his equal in the land. He it was who followed the cattle, he who did all the labours of the field, and who returned at night laden with the herbs of the field. In the evening, when his elder brother sat with his wife and ate and drank, Bata was in the stable attending to the cattle. When day dawned he rose before Anpu, took bread to the field, and called the labourers to their meal in the field.

Bata followed after his cattle, and they told him where the best grasses were. He understood all that the cattle said, and he took them to the places where they could graze on the finest herbage. And the cattle became fine and strong, and the numbers in the herd increased greatly.

When the Nile waters sank, the elder brother said, "The land shows again. This is an excellent time for ploughing." So Anpu and Bata took their teams, and Bata carried the seed and strewed it on the land. They worked together all day at tilling the soil, and they enjoyed themselves exceedingly at their work.

One day Anpu sent Bata back to the village for seed. So Bata went to his brother's wife and said, "Arise and give me seed that I may go back to the field, for my brother wishes me to return without delay." But she replied, "Go and open the bin and take whatever you want."

The youth entered the stable and took a large vessel, for

he wanted to take a great deal of seed back. He loaded himself with grain and went out. Anpu's wife called to him, "How much have you?" He replied, "Two measures of barley and three of wheat, five in all, which are on my arm." Then the woman said some dreadful things to Bata, things which vexed him so much that he became like a panther with fury. But she was Anpu's wife and he loved Anpu, so he did not take any notice of her, but took up his load and went back to the ploughing. He and his elder brother finished their task, and Anpu returned home first.

He found his wife in an excited state and very different from usual. She did not pour water on his hand: she did not light the lamp before him. His house was in darkness, and he became very miserable. He said to her, "Who has been vexing thee?" and she replied, "It is thy younger brother. He is a wicked man." Then she said many things against Bata which were quite untrue.

The elder brother now became like a panther with fury. He made his dagger sharp, and took it in his hand. He put himself behind the stable door to kill his younger brother when he returned home with the cattle.

When evening came Bata loaded himself with the herbs of the field, and returned home with the cattle according to his daily custom. But as the first ox entered the stable it said to Bata, "Verily thy elder brother is standing before thee with his dagger drawn waiting to slay thee." Anpu did not understand what the ox said, but Bata did. He stood still when he heard the speech of the first ox, and sent in the second ox. The second said the same thing as the first. Then Bata looked under the door of the stable and saw the two feet of his elder brother, who was standing behind the door with the dagger in his hand.

He laid down his load upon the ground and fled, and his elder brother followed him with the dagger. The younger brother called upon the Sun God Harmachis Horus, saying, "My God, thou knowest right from wrong. Save me, I pray thee, from my elder brother."

PLATE III

The Blind Harper

The Sun God stopped to listen to his piteous cries, and made a large stream full of crocodiles appear suddenly between the two brothers, so that one was on the one bank and one on the other. The elder brother was in such a rage that he struck his hands twice. He really did. Then the younger brother called to him from the other bank, "Wait until the dawn. When the sun's disc comes forth I will explain everything to thee. I have never done any wrong to thee or thy wife. Never again will I live in a place where thou art. I am going to the Mountain of the Cedar."

When day dawned the Sun God Horus came forth and each of them saw the other. The younger said to the elder, "What is this? Why come to kill me? Am I not thy younger brother, and have not I loved thee and thy wife as if thou hadst been my father and she my mother?"

And his grief was so great that he swooned away. His elder brother became filled with pity, and stood weeping and crying. Yet he could not pass over to comfort his brother on account of the crocodiles. Anpu now understood that Bata had loved him always, and that he had been wicked to be so angry as to want to kill Bata without having things explained first. He was very sorry and wanted Bata to come back.

But the younger brother said, "Thou didst not remember all I had done for thee, but wert ready to believe evil of me. Now do thou return to thy house and look after thy cattle thyself, for never again will I remain in a place where thou art. I go to the Mountain of the Cedar. As to coming to look after me and helping me, thou shalt learn. Things will happen to me. My soul will be placed in the top of the Cedar tree, and when the Cedar tree is cut down, my soul will fall to the ground. Then shalt thou come to seek it. If thou art seven years searching for it, do not be cast down. Thou shalt find it and place it in a cup of cold water. Oh, then I shall live once more, and thou shalt learn the things that have happened to me."

Then he left Egypt and departed to the Mountain of the

Cedar. Anpu turned sorrowfully home, and was much grieved for the wrong he had done his brother. He put his hand upon his head and smeared it with dust, and continued mourning for his younger brother for many long days.

Bata remained on the Mountain of the Cedar. There was no one with him, and he spent his time hunting the animals of this new country. At evening he returned to lie down under the Cedar tree on the top of the flowers whereof his soul lay. After a time he built himself a house, and fashioned for it all things to make it beautiful. One day as he stepped out of his house he met the Company of the Great Gods setting out towards the land of Egypt. One of them spoke to him and said, "O Bata, why dost thou live here alone and desert thy native land because of thy brother Anpu?"

Their hearts pitied his grief and loneliness, and the Sun God Horus, who had made the stream full of crocodiles between the brothers, said to the God Khnum, "Oh make a companion for Bata so that he may not live alone."

Then Khnum made him a companion, who was more beautiful than any other woman in the world, for the Company of the Great Gods had made her, and their fragrance was in her.

Bata loved her exceedingly, and she remained in his house while he hunted and brought her the finest game in all that land. He said to her, "Do not go out lest the Sea should carry thee off and I am not able to rescue thee. For my soul is on the top of the flowers of the Cedar tree, and if anyone finds it I shall be overcome by him."

Some time afterwards, when Bata was out hunting, the young woman went to walk beneath the Cedar, which was near the house. The Sea beheld how lovely she was and dashed its waters in pursuit of her, and cried, "Oh that I could carry her off." She took to flight and managed to reach the house. But the Cedar tree tore off a lock of her hair as she hurried past, and the Sea carried it to the shores of

Egypt. It was cast up by the Sea in the place where the Royal washers were cleansing the King's linen. It was so lovely and so fragrant that the chief washer carried it to the King. The King sent for his Chief Wise Man, and asked him whose hair it was. The Wise Man replied, "The lock of hair belongs to a daughter of the Sun God Horus. The fragrance of the whole Company of Great Gods is in her, so she is very lovely. But the whole earth obeys thee, O King, so send messengers to every place to seek her, and especially to the Mountain of the Cedar."

His Majesty replied, "Thou hast spoken well, O Wise Man." And the troops were sent out, but those that went to the Mountain of the Cedar returned not, for Bata slew them. The news was brought to the King. His Majesty sent again to the Mountain of the Cedar, but this time he sent a woman, who took with her all the most beautiful jewels and clothes that could delight another woman's heart. Bata's companion was very pleased when she saw these lovely things, and she went willingly with the woman into Egypt. When His Majesty saw the woman whom Khnum had made, he loved her exceedingly and made her a princess of the land, and there was rejoicing throughout all Egypt. Then His Majesty asked her about the Cedar, and she told him that Bata's soul was in the flowers on the top of the Cedar tree. The King's troops went to the land and cut down the Cedar upon whose flowers the soul of Bata lay, and Bata fell dead in an instant.

Now on the morning of the day that the Cedar was cut down Anpu became much troubled, and felt that the time had come about which his brother had spoken to him. So he took his staff and his sandals, his clothes and his tools, and left Egypt to journey towards the Mountain of the Cedar. He came to the house which his younger brother had made, and found him lying dead upon the floor. He wept bitterly and began to search for his brother's soul under the Cedar where Bata used to sleep in the evening. Three years he sought and found nothing. His heart yearned for his native

land, and he grew weary of the search. "To-morrow," said he, "I will return to Egypt."

But when day dawned he began his search again, and he found a seed pod. He looked at it closely, and there beneath it lay his brother's soul. He brought a vessel of clear cold water and placed the soul in it, and towards evening Bata trembled in all his limbs and gazed at Anpu. Then Anpu held the vessel to his brother's lips, and Bata drank it and revived. Each embraced the other, and told the things that had happened during the long years that had passed since the stream full of crocodiles had flowed between them.

Bata said, "I am about to become a Sacred Bull with all the marks upon me. Wilt thou sit upon my back, and when the Sun God shows his disc we shall come to the place where is His Majesty the King of Egypt and the woman whom Khnum made to be a companion for me? Answer, Wilt thou take me there? The King of Egypt will rejoice to have a Sacred Bull, and I shall become a great marvel. Much silver and gold will he give to thee, and thou canst return to thy village."

At dawn Bata became changed into the Sacred Bull, and Anpu sat upon his back and took him to His Majesty the King of Egypt, who examined the Bull for the Sacred Marks. When he found them, His Majesty rejoiced greatly, and feasts were held throughout the land. The elder brother returned to his village laden with silver and gold. But to the Sacred Bull there were given many priests and offerings, and the King loved him exceedingly.

AN ARABIAN STORY OF KING SOLOMON

ALLAH taught to King Solomon the language of all created things, so that he could understand the beasts of the earth, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea. His armies covered hundreds of miles of land, and when he travelled it was on a magic carpet woven by a jinn from silk and gold. For Allah had made King Solomon lord over the jinns, or spirits, as well as over men and beasts.

His throne was in the centre of the carpet, and around the throne were thousands of gold and silver chairs. The prophets sat upon the gold chairs, the wise men on the silver chairs, the King upon the throne, and the courtiers stood. Jinns circled around the courtiers, and wild beasts round the jinns. The birds hovered in flocks above the carpet to screen the King from the sun's rays. On the carpet were huge jars of provisions, each jar a load for ten camels.

When King Solomon wanted to travel, a strong wind raised the carpet into the air, and then a gentle breeze carried it along. When anyone spoke of the King, the wind brought his speech to the King's ears. A ploughman over whom they passed said, "Of a truth Allah has given Solomon much power and a great kingdom." The wind brought the speech to him, and the king alighted from the carpet and said to the ploughman, "To praise Allah is better than to rule a kingdom." He mounted again to his carpet and passed over Mecca. There he saw the Ka'aba, a stone temple that contained the sacred black stone, but around it were many idols, and the people were worshipping them, for Muhammad had not yet been born.

King Solomon passed it by in silence. Then the Ka'aba wept, and Allah sent an angel to inquire why it was weeping. The Ka'aba replied, "Because a great king and his prophets

and wise men have passed by me and have not blessed me." But Allah said, "Weep not, for I will send a prophet who shall turn the hearts of men to thee as the heart of a mother to her son. He shall break the images in pieces."

After passing Mecca, King Solomon entered the Valley of the Ants. The chief of the ants was alarmed when he saw the great carpet coming towards the ant heaps. "Go into your houses," said he to his fellow ants, "lest these wretches tread on you and kill you." The wind carried this speech to the King's ears, and he laughed and stopped the carpet until all the ants had taken refuge in their heaps. Later he ordered the carpet to be brought to earth that he might eat and pray.

The hoopoe bird saw that his master the King was interested in the new land where he had alighted. "Ah," thought he, "the King is much occupied and will never miss me. I will fly off on a little expedition of my own." He rose in the air and flew to the right and to the left, and at last saw in the distance the gardens of Queen Balkis, the ruler of Yemen. He longed to visit them, and met another hoopoe as he travelled towards them. The other hoopoe offered to show him everything in the kingdom of Queen Balkis. But at first King Solomon's hoopoe said he dared not stay lest the King should want him. "Nay," said the hoopoe of Queen Balkis, "be not foolish. King Solomon will be glad to hear all about the land of Yemen." So they spent the day together in the gardens of Queen Balkis.

In the meantime King Solomon wanted water, and asked his men and animals and jinns where water was to be found. For the land that lies between Medina and Damascus is a thirsty desert land.

Now the hoopoe is a bird which must always have plenty of moisture, for, if its beak gets dry, the tip splits. The unfortunate bird is then unable to pick up its food, and so dies of starvation. As if to make up for this, the hoopoe is exceedingly clever at finding water, even when it lies hidden from other birds, so Solomon sent for it to tell him where

the nearest water was to be found. When he heard that the hoopoe was not to be found, he called for the eagle, the king of the birds. He ordered the eagle to find the hoopoe and bring him at once. The eagle soared upwards till the earth looked as small as a plate, and beheld the hoopoe returning from the south-west, from the land of Yemen. The king of birds was exceedingly angry and tried to seize the hoopoe, but the latter exclaimed, "As Allah lives, I have done no harm. Wait yet a little." "Thou wretch," replied the eagle, "if thy excuse is not a good one, the King will certainly kill thee."

Then they flew down together to King Solomon, who was seated on his throne. The hoopoe settled on the ground and raised his head and drooped his wings and tail to salute King Solomon, who said he would certainly punish the bird for his absence. The bird fearlessly replied, "O King, at the day of judgment thou wilt stand before Allah as I stand before thee to-day. Therefore show mercy as thou hopest for it." At these words King Solomon trembled and grew pale, and pardoned the hoopoe.

Afterwards the hoopoe told the King what he had seen in the land of Yemen. He said that the Queen had a bed entirely of gold and silver, thickly encrusted with jewels, and that she and her people did not worship Allah, but worshipped the sun. King Solomon therefore gave the hoopoe a letter to carry to Queen Balkis, and the bird flew off to deliver it. He found the Queen asleep in her palace, with seven doors locked between her and the outside of the palace, and all the seven keys were under her pillow. Her bedroom window was placed high, and was on the east so that the morning sun might wake her. The hoopoe settled on the window and shut out the light with his wings. Queen Balkis went towards the window to see what was keeping out the light, and the hoopoe threw down the letter.

When the Queen had read the letter she called together her councillors and told them that King Solomon had sent a letter saying that she and her people must no longer worship

the sun, but must worship Allah. They decided to send a present to King Solomon. The present consisted of three hundred boy and girl slaves, all dressed alike, four bricks of pure gold, a jewelled crown, musk and ambergris, and a casket of precious stones, some pierced and some unpierced. With these the Queen sent a letter saying, "If thou art so very wise pick out which are boys and which girls among the slaves, pierce the precious stones and thread them, and tell me what is in the caskets without opening them. Do all this without the help of men or jinns, and I will believe that thou art wise."

The hoopoe flew back to the King and told him all that had passed. The King ordered the jinns to pave a road with bricks of gold and silver, and to build gold and silver walls on each side of it. This they did in the twinkling of an eye, and when the messenger from Queen Balkis arrived and saw the road paved in such a way he felt small in his own sight and was much ashamed of the four little gold bricks, and left them on the road. The messenger presented the remaining gifts to King Solomon, along with the Queen's letter. King Solomon at once guessed what was in the caskets. Then he called a worm and ordered it to pierce each of the jewels. This the worm soon did. "What dost thou desire most?" said King Solomon to the worm. "To live in trees," it replied. And the tree-worm lives thus to this day. Then he called a white maggot, and ordered it to thread the stones, and the white maggot easily threaded the stones, both the crooked and the straight. "What dost thou desire most?" said King Solomon to the maggot. "To live always in fruit," said the maggot. And the white maggot lives in fruit to this day.

The boy and girl slaves were then brought before the King, who ordered a basin of water to be placed before them, and told them to wash. The girls took the water first in one hand and then in the other and rubbed it on their faces, but the boys took the water in both hands and splashed it on their faces. Also the girls washed their arms from the elbow down

to the wrist, but the boys from the wrist up to the elbow. Thus did Solomon easily distinguish the girls from the boys.

Then Solomon ordered the messenger to take the presents back to Queen Balkis, and to say that if she and her subjects did not worship Allah he should march against them with a great army. Upon hearing this Queen Balkis at once set out to visit King Solomon to learn the religion of Allah from him. As soon as he knew she was coming the King ordered the jinns to hasten and bring all her jewels, her gold and silver bed, and her treasures to him before she acknowledged Allah. For it was lawful for Solomon to take possession of anything that belonged to a heathen until the heathen had worshipped Allah. But it would have been a sin to take the goods of anyone who worshipped Allah. However, when King Solomon saw Queen Balkis he loved her exceedingly, and married her. Thus she still kept her jewels and treasures, and with King Solomon's help Yemen became more powerful than ever. When Solomon died a jinn called with a loud voice, "O Nation of Jinns, King Solomon is dead. We need fear no one now." So all the jinns disappeared from that land, and none have ever been seen since.

CRŒSUS OF LYDIA

(ABOUT 560–545 B. C.)

1. Crœsus and the Wise Man

Though the rulers of the ancient kingdom of Lydia extended their power over the eastern plateau and hill country as far as the Halys River, the real Lydia was the fertile lower land in the west, whose outlook was towards the Ægean. Vineyards were planted on its sheltered hill slopes, and its valleys had abundant crops of corn, for the soil of Lydia was fertile and the climate mild. There were gold mines at Tmolus, and the river Pactolus was at one time famous for the gold washings it brought down into the very heart of Sardis, the chief city of Lydia. It is said that this gold helped the Lydians to invent the use of coins. At any rate the people of Lydia were great traders, and found ready markets for their fine woven and dyed goods and for their metal work.

Crœsus was king of Lydia when it was at the height of its greatness, for his father Alyattes had captured Smyrna, and thus given Lydia a seaport. Crœsus also forced many of the rich Greek cities in Asia Minor to pay tribute to him. So rich and powerful was he that even to-day there is a saying, "As rich as Crœsus." Yet he often showed a noble forgiveness to those who had injured him, and, as you will read in this story, he did not always display the spirit of cruelty and revenge so common among the kings of that time.

After he had come to the throne and had completely subdued the Greek cities of Asia Minor, he prepared to attack the Greeks of the isles that lie between Asia Minor and the mainland of Greece. He began to build ships, and was

thinking of setting out, when a Greek stranger arrived in Sardis. Crœsus sent for him, and asked him if there was anything of interest happening in Greece. "Yes, sire," replied he, "the islanders are gathering ten thousand horsemen so as to attack thee in thy capital." Upon hearing this Crœsus rejoiced, for he knew that his horsemen could easily beat the islanders, who were more used to fighting in boats than on horseback. He broke out, "Would that the gods would put such a thought into their minds as to attack the Lydians on horseback." "O King," answered the stranger, "if thou desirest earnestly to catch the islanders on horseback on land, will not the islanders delight to catch the Lydians in ships on sea, where they will have a good chance of defeating them, since their strength is in their skill on the sea? Will not they rejoice to revenge on the Lydians the wrongs of the Greeks in Asia who have been made thy slaves?"

Instead of being angry with the stranger for his daring, Crœsus was charmed by his bold and clever speech. Thinking that there was reason in what he said, he gave up his shipbuilding and made peace with the Greeks of the isles.

Sardis was now so famous and so wealthy that great men from all parts came to visit it, and amongst them came a very wise Greek named Solon. Crœsus invited him to stay in his palace, and ordered his servants to display to the sage his many treasures. When Solon had seen them all and examined them as he thought fit, Crœsus said to him, "Stranger of Athens, we have heard much of thy wisdom and thy travels in many lands. I am curious therefore to inquire of thee whom dost thou consider the happiest of all men?" This he asked because he considered himself the happiest of mortals.

Solon, however, without flattering the King at all, answered "Tellus of Athens." Crœsus demanded why he thought Tellus so happy. Solon replied, "Because his country was flourishing in his days, his sons were both beautiful and good, and he himself died a noble death defending his country against the enemy."

Crœsus, thinking to be given at least a second place, asked Solon who seemed to him to be the next happiest after Tellus. The reply was "Kleobis and Biton, youths of Argos, who had fortune enough for their wants, and great bodily strength. This is their story. Their mother was a priestess of the goddess Hera, and was to go to the festival of Hera in a car drawn by oxen. Now the oxen did not come from the fields in time, so the youths, fearful lest their mother should be late, put the yoke on their own necks and themselves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five and forty furlongs did they draw her, and stopped before the temple, in sight of all the worshippers. The men of Argos standing round the car envied the mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons. The mother herself, full of pride and joy, prayed the goddess to give the youths the highest blessing she could bestow. When the prayer was ended the youths made their sacrifice and partook of the holy banquet. After this they fell asleep in the temple, and so passed from earth. Statues of them were given to the shrine at Delphi, so that their famous deed should be remembered for all time."

Crœsus cried angrily, "What, stranger of Athens, is my happiness so utterly set at naught by thee that thou dost not even put me on a level with private men?" The sage answered, "For thyself, O King, I see that thou art wonderfully rich and art the lord of many nations, but I have no answer to give until I hear that thou hast closed thy life happily. For oftentimes men have a gleam of happiness and are then plunged in ruin."

The King was not at all pleased with this reply, and saw Solon depart with much indifference. He thought to himself that instead of being very wise, Solon was but a foolish person since he took no account of the wealth and power and present happiness of so great a king.

2. The Grief of Crœsus

Crœsus had two sons, one of whom had been deaf and

dumb from birth. The other, named Atys, was very dear to his father's heart, for he easily surpassed all the Lydian youths in every way. Therefore when Crœsus dreamed that Atys would die from a blow of an iron weapon he became much troubled. He ordered all the spears and javelins and weapons used in the wars to be taken out of the men's rooms and laid in heaps in the women's departments, lest one of the weapons should fall and strike his son. He also forbade his son to go into battle with the Lydian troops, although until this time the youth had always commanded them.

It chanced that just while the King was troubled about the dreadful dream, there came to Sardis a man from beyond the hills, named Adrastus. This man was under a misfortune, for he had accidentally killed his own brother. At that time there was a custom among the Greeks and Lydians that a man could be freed from the stain of blood if the King would purify him. So Adrastus the Doomed, who was of royal blood, came to the King's palace and begged to be purified. Crœsus granted his request, and after doing all that was customary, asked Adrastus, "Who art thou, stranger, and from what part of Phrygia hast thou fled to take refuge at my hearth? Whom hast thou slain?" Adrastus answered, "I am the son of Gordias. My name is Adrastus the Doomed. The man I killed was, alas! my own brother. So my father drove me from his land and I lost everything and fled to thee."

The King replied, "Thou art the son of a house that is friendly to mine and art come among friends. Thou shalt want for nothing as long as thou art here. Bear thy grief as easily as thou mayest, for that will be better for thee." From that time onwards Adrastus lived in the palace of Crœsus.

Now at this very same time there was in the kingdom, to the north of Lydia, a huge monster of a boar which often came down from the wooded hills and trampled and wasted the cornfields in the valley. Many a time the people of the

land had collected together to hunt the dreadful creature, but instead of hurting it they always lost some of their own numbers.

At last they sent a message to Crœsus asking him to let Atys come with some chosen youths and hounds to hunt the boar.

But Crœsus remembered his dream, and though he promised to send his huntsmen and hounds, he refused to allow Atys to accompany them. Atys was very much annoyed, and insisted on knowing why his father would not let him go. After he had heard all about the dream, Atys said he did not blame his father for being anxious. "But," said he, "a boar has no iron weapon with which to strike, but only a tusk."

So he pleaded until his father gave way and let him go.

Before they set out, the King sent for Adrastus and told him that he wished him to go with the hunting party to protect his son in case of an attack by robbers. Adrastus was much troubled at this, for he still grieved bitterly at having accidentally killed the brother whom he loved. He did not want to mix with happier men, and had no heart for the hunt. However, as Crœsus had been so kind to him, he felt that he ought to do what the King wished, and set out with the party.

When they reached the mountains, the hunters scattered to look for the boar, and soon found it. They gathered around it in a circle and hurled their weapons at it. Adrastus, of course, hurled his spear at the boar, and who can picture his grief and horror when the spear missed the boar but struck and killed the King's beloved son Atys! Thus was the son of Crœsus killed by an iron weapon and the dream was fulfilled.

A messenger hastened to Sardis and bore the dreadful news to Crœsus. If it was a heavy blow to lose his favourite son, it was even worse to lose him by the hand of the stranger whom he had himself purified from blood guilt. The very man whom he had forced, all unwillingly, to go as a guardian and friend to his child had turned out to be his most cruel

PLATE IV

Crœsus on the Funeral Pyre

enemy. Then came the hunting party, carrying the body of Atys, and Adrastus followed behind them. But if the grief of Crœsus was overwhelming, no words can paint that of the unfortunate Adrastus. Standing by the body of Atys, he stretched out his arms to the King and begged to be sacrificed at his tomb. For he said that to add this second misfortune to his former unhappiness made it impossible for him to live. Then Crœsus, in spite of the bitterness of his own calamity, was moved with pity towards the unfortunate Adrastus. Instead of revenging himself on the man who had caused his son's death, he nobly said, "Enough, my friend, I have all the revenge I require, since thou givest the death sentence against thyself. But indeed it is not thou who hast injured me, except in so far as thou dealt the blow unwittingly. Some god has brought this grief upon me and I was warned of it in my dream long ago." Yet Adrastus felt that he was the most unhappy creature in the world, since he had caused the death of two people whom he loved, and as soon as all was quiet about the place, he slew himself upon the grave of Atys. Crœsus, bereft of his son, gave himself up to mourning for two full years.

3. The Fall of Crœsus

At the end of that time the grief of Crœsus was interrupted by news of the stirring deeds and warlike adventures of Cyrus, King of Persia. He began to fear lest the Persians should wax strong enough to attack Lydia and overthrow his empire. So he sent costly offerings to the oracle at Delphi and others in whose truth he believed, and asked the advice of each as to whether he should undertake a war against the Persians. The oracle replied with a prophecy that if Crœsus attacked the Persians he would overthrow a mighty empire. Crœsus set out with his forces towards Persia, fully expecting to defeat Cyrus and overthrow the Persian empire, not realising that the prophecy might mean that the empire he was about to destroy was his own.

Just when he was ready to set out a wise Lydian came forward and said to the King, "Thou art about, O King, to make war upon men who wear hard leather garments, who feed not on what they like, but on what they can extract from a barren soil; who drink not wine, but water; who have neither figs nor any other pleasant fruits to eat. What hast thou to gain by taking their land? But if they once get a taste of our pleasant things they will take such hold of them that we shall never make them loose their grasp."

The speech was true enough, for the Persians possessed none of the luxuries and delights of life until they conquered Lydia. But Crœsus would not listen this time to the good advice of the wise man. He crossed the Halys River, which was the boundary of his empire. But he was driven back by the Persians and came to Sardis again, hoping to attack Cyrus when spring returned. But Cyrus did not wait. He led his army quickly into Lydia and attacked Sardis. In all Asia there were no better fighters than the Lydians, and Crœsus led his army out to the vast treeless plain that was in front of Sardis. When Cyrus saw the Lydian army being brought on the plain he became much afraid of their cavalry, for the Lydians fought best on horseback. So he collected all the camels that had come with his army to carry the baggage and mounted riders on them, dressed as horsemen. This he did because he knew that horses cannot bear the smell of camels, and indeed, as soon as the armies met, the Lydian war-horses, smelling and seeing the camels, turned round and galloped off. Thus it came to pass that the hopes of Crœsus withered away. He and the remains of his army took refuge in Sardis, and the Persians laid siege to it. Now an old tale of Sardis was that one of the first kings of the city had been told that if he carried a lion around the defences, Sardis would never be taken by any army. The King carried the lion round the citadel, except on the side that looks down a steep precipice. He thought no enemy could climb up that, and so did not trouble. But Cyrus and his men climbed it by night and captured Sardis. Crœsus

himself, after having reigned for fourteen years, fell into the hands of the Persians. Thus did he fulfil the oracle that he should destroy a mighty empire by destroying his own. The Persians, who had taken Crœsus prisoner, brought him before their king. Cyrus ordered much fuel to be piled together, and Crœsus, loaded with fetters, was placed upon it to be burnt alive. Then the Lydian monarch, in the depth of his woe, remembered the words of Solon and groaned aloud, and thrice uttered the name of Solon. Cyrus caught the words, and perhaps thought Crœsus was calling upon a god. At any rate he ordered his interpreters to ask Crœsus who "Solon" was. The King replied that he was a wise Athenian whom every king should listen to, for he had once made light of all the wealth and splendour of Sardis, and had said that no man should think himself happier than his brethren.

As he thus spoke the outer portion of the pile began to blaze, and Cyrus, hearing from the interpreters what Crœsus had said, relented. He remembered that it was not only a fellow human being whom he was condemning to a hideous death, but one who had formerly been as blessed by fortune as Cyrus himself now was. He called to his soldiers and bade them quench the blazing fire and take down his unhappy victim, but the flames had now risen too high to be mastered. Fortunately, as Crœsus implored the gods to help him, a violent storm swept across the sky, and the heavy rain put out the flames, so that he was saved. Cyrus then asked him what had led him to attack Persia instead of remaining friendly. Crœsus replied that the oracle at Delphi had encouraged him, and added, "No man is so foolish as to prefer war to peace, since in war fathers bury their sons instead of sons burying their fathers. But the gods wished to destroy me."

The Persian King ordered his fetters to be taken off, and made him sit near him. He paid him much respect, looking on him as a sort of wonder, as also did the courtiers. Crœsus, wrapped in sadness, spoke no word for a long time, but at

last he turned to Cyrus and said, "May I now tell thee, O King, what I have in my mind, or is it best to be silent?" Cyrus bade him speak his mind boldly. Then he put this question, "What is it, Cyrus, that those Persian soldiers are doing so busily?" "Plundering thy city and carrying off thy riches," replied Cyrus. "Nay," rejoined the other, "not my city nor my wealth. They are not mine any more. It is thy wealth which is being stolen." The wisdom of the reply pleased Cyrus, and Crœsus remained at the Persian court as one of the King's advisers.

Cyrus asked him if he would like any special favour in return for his wise advice. Crœsus replied, "Oh, my lord, if thou wilt let me send these fetters to the god at Delphi, whom I once honoured above all other gods, and ask him if it is his usual custom to deceive his worshippers, that is all I ask." Cyrus laughed heartily and at once gave the necessary permission. Certain Lydians carried the fetters to the temple, laid them on the threshold and, pointing to them and to the golden offerings which Crœsus had sent in his happier days, asked, "Are the Greek gods always thus ungrateful?" The reply given to the Lydians was as follows: "Crœsus had no right to complain for when he was told that if he attacked the Persians he would destroy a mighty empire, he should have been wise and sent again to ask which empire was meant. Again, though he is a prisoner, he was saved from the burning pile by the Greek god Apollo." This message, along with some other explanations, was brought to Crœsus, who confessed on hearing it that the fault was his and not the god's. Thus was the empire of Crœsus brought to an end.

THE BOYHOOD OF CYRUS

A Story from the Medes and Persians

Cyrus, who defeated Crœsus and conquered the Lydian empire, had a strange upbringing. Astyages, the grandfather of Cyrus, was king of Media, which lay north-west of Persia, on the south of the Caspian Sea. He had a daughter, Mandané, about whom he dreamt a vision. He at once sent for such of the Magi, or priests, of that country as were able to explain dreams. He was not a little alarmed when they told him that the dream meant that Mandané's son would become king in his place and would rule the whole of Asia.

Upon this Astyages determined not to let his daughter marry a Median noble, but chose a Persian husband for her, thinking that the Medes would never allow the son of a Persian to become their king. Mandané's husband was a Persian of noble rank, but quiet in temper and, as Astyages thought, not at all likely to go to war. He also knew that the Medes, even of middle rank, would consider her husband as of lower rank than themselves. In this way he thought he had made it almost impossible that the prophecy of the Magi should come true. But some time after her marriage Astyages dreamed again about Mandané, and was again told by the Magi that the dream meant that her son would reign in his stead. He sent for his daughter, who came to live in the palace with her father. When her little son was born, the cruel Astyages sent for Harpagus, a man of his own family and one of his most trusted ministers, and ordered him to take away his little grandson and slay him. Harpagus dared not refuse to obey the King, and the child was given to him. He hastened home full of grief and distress and told the whole story to his wife. He also said to her, "Even if Asty-

ages be madder than he now is, I will not be the man to work his will in such a murder as this. The boy is of my own family, and, besides, if anything happens to Astyages, Mandané and her husband will certainly take vengeance upon me. The child must die, but not by my hand."

He then sent for a herdsman of Astyages who kept his flocks among the mountains and who had to guard them with much care, for the district was infested by wild beasts. These mountains lay to the north-west of Egbatana, the capital of Media, and were covered with forests. The herdsman hastened to the town on receiving the summons of Harpagus, though he was not very willing to leave his wife, who had a baby son and was nervous at being left alone. She was anxious, too, lest any harm should befall her husband, for it was most unusual for a man in the position of Harpagus to send for a herdsman from the hills.

As soon as he came back, she begged him to tell her why Harpagus had sent for him in such a hurry. "Wife," said he, "when I got to the town I saw and heard such things as I wish to heaven had never happened. Everyone was weeping in Harpagus's house. It quite frightened me, but I went in. What should I see but a baby lying on the floor crying bitterly. It was dressed in most beautiful clothes and had golden ornaments. Harpagus saw me and at once ordered me to take the child in my arms and carry him away, and what do you think he told me to do? To leave the baby in the mountains in the path of the wild beasts! He said it was the King's wish, and threatened me with dreadful punishment if I did not obey. So I took the child and carried it away, thinking it might be the son of one of the household slaves. But I did certainly wonder at the gold and the beautiful baby clothes and at the way Harpagus and his family were weeping. They sent a servant with me out of the town, and he told me that the child's mother is Mandané, the King's daughter, and that the King himself has ordered him to be killed."

The herdsman then uncovered the baby and showed him

to the wife. When she saw what a pretty child it was, she burst into tears and, clinging to her husband's knees, begged him not to expose the baby. Then she told him that their own little baby was dead and could easily be exposed while the little living child could thus be saved. The herdsman thought this a wise plan, and followed her advice at once. He placed Mandané's son in his wife's arms. Then they dressed their own dead child in the other baby's costly garments, and the herdsman laid it in the other baby's cradle in the wildest part of the mountains. When his child's body had been thus exposed for a day or two, the herdsman left someone to watch it and went to town to tell Harpagus to come and see that his orders had been obeyed and the child was dead. Harpagus did not come himself, but sent some of his soldiers, giving them orders for the funeral.

Thus was the herdsman's child buried, and the boy who afterwards was known as Cyrus was brought up by the herdsman and his wife as their own son. When he was ten years old he was once at play in the village where the cattle-folds were, along with other boys about his own age. In their play, the boys chose Cyrus, the cowherd's son, to be their king. He then gave to each of his playmates a task to do for their king—some were to build houses, some to be guards, some to be spies, some to carry messages. Now one of the playmates of Cyrus was the son of a Median of noble birth, and instead of playing the game he refused to obey Cyrus. Upon this Cyrus ordered his guards to make him a prisoner and then he beat the boy severely with a whip. Full of rage at this treatment from a cowherd's son, the boy hastened home and told his father what Cyrus had done to him. Of course he did not say "Cyrus," for the boy had not yet been given this name. He just called him "the cowherd's son."

The father, in a high passion, went off to King Astyages. Uncovering his son's shoulder so that the bruises might be seen, he exclaimed, "Thus, O King, has thy slave, the son of a cowherd, insulted us."

At this sight, Astyages, who was very friendly with the

boy's father, sent for the cowherd and his son. When they came together into his presence, Astyages, fixing his eyes on Cyrus, said, "Didst thou, the son of a cowherd, dare to treat the son of yonder noble, one of the first in my court, in this rough way?"

"My lord," replied the boy, "I only treated him as he deserved. I was chosen king in play by the boys in our village because they thought me best for it. He himself was one of the boys who chose me. All the others did what I ordered, but he refused and mocked me. If I deserve punishment, I am ready to submit."

Even as he spoke, Astyages guessed who the boy really was. He thought the child's face bore a resemblance to his own, and the answer he had given had a certain nobility. His age, too, was about what his grandson's would have been. For a little time Astyages was too much astonished to speak. Then he ordered everyone to leave the court except the herdsman, whom he began to question. At first the man insisted that the boy was his own son, but when Astyages ordered him to be tortured and he was being dragged to the rack, he confessed the whole truth.

Astyages was little concerned with the herdsman when he had got the story out of him, but he was very angry indeed with Harpagus. The guards were sent to fetch him, and Astyages questioned him as to the death of his grandson. Harpagus saw the cowherd in the room and knew it was no good trying to conceal what had happened, and told the whole story exactly as it had happened.

Astyages did not let any sign of the anger he felt escape him. He merely said, "So the boy is alive. It is best as it is, for the child's fate was a great sorrow to me, and the reproaches of my daughter went to my heart. Fortune has played us a good turn in this. Go home and send thy son to be with the newcomer." Harpagus went home full of joy to find that his disobedience had apparently brought him such good fortune. He sent his son, a youth of about thirteen, the only child of his parents, and told him to go at once

PLATE V

A Lion Hunt in Ancient Days

to the palace. As soon as the youth arrived there, the cruel and deceitful Astyages slew him and thus punished Harpagus for his disobedience.

He then sent for the Magi who had formerly alarmed him by their interpretation of his dreams, and asked them what they had said. They replied as they had done before, that "the boy must needs be a king if he did not die too soon." Then Astyages said, "The boy has escaped and is alive. He has been brought up in the country, and the village lads made him their king. All that kings do, he has done. He has had his guards, his messengers, his door-keepers and all the other usual officers. Tell me, then, what this means?"

The Magi then bade the King cheer up and said that, as the boy had thus once been king, he would not rule again. Astyages replied, "I incline to think that is the truth. The boy has been a king already, and so the dream is out. But think carefully and give me the best counsel you can, both for the safety of my family and for your own interests." They replied that it certainly was to their interest not to let the kingdom pass into the hands of this boy, who was a Persian, and would therefore despise the Medes if he became king. They advised the King to send the boy back to his father and mother in Persia and to think no more of the dream, which, they said, had thus worked itself out in a very harmless way.

Astyages heard their words with much pleasure, and calling Cyrus into his presence, said, "My child! I was persuaded to do thee a wrong because of a dream which has come to nothing. Go now with a light heart to Persia where thou wilt find thy father and mother, who are very different people from the cowherd and his wife."

Astyages then sent Cyrus to Persia with an escort. His parents were overjoyed to find that their little son had managed to escape the fate which had seemed so certain for him. They questioned him eagerly and learnt the whole strange story.

In the meantime the unfortunate Harpagus had to bear

his grief as best he might, and dared not show Astyages how bitterly he hated him for the cruel vengeance he had taken. But when Cyrus was nearly grown up, Harpagus began to plot to put him on the throne in place of Astyages. He found out by cunning ways which of the great nobles of Media were offended with Astyages for his harsh rule, and were ready to desert the King. He then sent a message to Cyrus in Persia. This was not an easy thing to do, for the roads were guarded, but Harpagus disguised one of his slaves as a hunter and gave him a hare to take to Cyrus, bidding him tell Cyrus to cut open the hare himself when no one was about. For Harpagus had slit open the hare, slipped a note inside, and then sewn up the fur very carefully.

All happened as Harpagus had planned, and Cyrus received the letter, which begged him to get together a Persian army and march against Media. Cyrus sat lost in thought for some time, trying to hit upon a plan by which he might persuade the Persians to do as he wished. He then called together the chiefs of the many tribes of the Persians and told them that he was appointed by Astyages to be their general. He ordered them to appear before him next day armed with reaping hooks. When they came he set them to clear a great tract of ground that was covered with thorns. This they did, and were then told to take the bath next day and come to him again. On the second day he provided for them a great feast, meat, wine, bread of many choice sorts, and told them to rest and feast and enjoy themselves. After the feast was ended he asked them which day's work they preferred, and promised them many such pleasant days as the second if they would join him in driving Astyages from the throne of Media. The Persians were only too glad to have the chance of shaking off the rule of the Medes, so Cyrus easily got together his army and, with the help of Harpagus, he defeated Astyages and brought Media under the rule of the Persians.

SARGON OF AGADÉ

A Babylonian Story

Almost every country in the world has legends about some very early king who first helped to mould its people into a united nation. But very often the king lived so long ago that we cannot be sure now whether he was the real hero of all the tales told about him. Herodotus, the great Greek traveller of ancient times, records in his history the legends of Mên, the first king of Egypt. The priests said that Mên raised the dyke which protects Memphis from the floods of the Nile. Before his time the river flowed entirely along the sandy range of hills which skirts Egypt on the Libyan side. Mên is said to have altered completely the channel of the river, to have built Memphis itself, to have excavated a lake communicating with the river, and to have built a marvellous temple. It seems most likely that all these things could not have been done in the lifetime of one king, but that they were the work of a group of kings, of whom only the name of Mên has been remembered. In much the same way all sorts of legends cluster about the name of the great Emperor Yu of China, or in later times about the British King Arthur and the French Emperor Charlemagne.

The early king of Babylonia about whom these legends are told is Sargon of Agadé. In an inscription found on Babylonian clay tablets, Sargon tells us that, though he afterwards became a mighty king, he had a very strange boyhood. His uncle ruled the country in such a cruel way that Sargon's mother did not dare to keep her little baby son with her. She lived near the banks of the Euphrates river, and in order to save her baby she did just what the mother of Moses did in Egypt in later times. She made a basket of

rushes, covered it with pitch to make it waterproof, and set it floating on the mighty river. The waters bore the basket and its little living burden to shore just as Akki, the water-carrier, was near. He lifted the child out of its basket of rushes and took it home. Very tenderly did he care for the little waif, who was brought up as the water-carrier's own son. When he was older Akki taught him the art of gardening. Sargon tells us that when he became a gardener the goddess Ishtar[1] was pleased with him and gave him great prosperity.

Later on Akki sent Sargon to be trained in manly exercises by a group of woodmen or foresters who lived on the tree-clad slopes beyond the plain of the Euphrates. The goddess Ishtar still favoured Sargon and he soon became the chief of these foresters. Afterwards he became ruler of all Babylonia and extended his kingdom in many directions. He is said to have invaded Elam and Syria, and to have brought all the country, even as far south as the Persian Gulf, under his rule. Some people have even thought that he may have ruled in Syria and Palestine and set up his statues on the very shores of the Mediterranean. His son, Naram-Sin, extended his father's kingdom, and took to himself the high-sounding title of "King of the Four Quarters of the World." In the Louvre at Paris there is a very fine carving brought from Babylonia which shows Naram-Sin ascending a steep mountain with his bow and arrow in his hand. Before him crouches the king whom he has conquered, who is trying to pull an arrow from his neck, and behind the conquered king is a man pleading for mercy. King Naram-Sin's soldiers, bearing bows and spears and standards, march onward most resolutely, and the sun and the stars shine down upon them. The relief is full of life and vigour, and shows that there were artists as well as warriors in the time of these famous kings.

Very little is known of the kingdom of Agadé after the death of Naram-Sin, and when next history takes up the

[1] For legend of Ishtar, see *Ancient Tales from Many Lands*, p. 31.

story of Babylonia, it is Lagash and its patesi Gudea[2] which are all important.

One of the most interesting things in the British Museum is the tablet giving the history of Sargon and of his son Naram-Sin. It is divided into fourteen paragraphs by lines drawn across the tablet. Each paragraph gives an account of some war or some famous deed of Sargon. At the head of each of these paragraphs is a careful description of the omens under which the great king undertook his expedition. For the Babylonians liked to try to find out whether their plans stood a chance of being successful. In order to find this out they studied the position of the moon and stars, and also the state of the animals they sacrificed. As Sargon had been so fortunate, they tried to start out on their expeditions at times when these signs were just the same as they had been for Sargon. Turn back to the story of Crœsus and see how he tried to find out if he would be fortunate.

It is interesting to have these stories of the strange boyhood of great men of long ago. Moses and Sargon were both set floating upon a river, one was found and brought up by a Princess and one by a poor water-carrier, yet both became great leaders of men. In this book there is the story of the strange boyhood of Cyrus, and everyone knows of the Roman heroes who were brought up by a wolf.

[2] For the legend of Gudea, see *Ancient Tales from Many Lands*, p. 104.

ETANA AND THE EAGLE

A Babylonian Story

In the very beginning of things there was no king among men. The gods wanted men to have one. The goddess Ishtar helped them in their search for the right person. The name of Etana was suggested, for Etana, though human in form, yet had some of the divine spirit in him. The Sun God Shamash was the greatest of all the Babylonian gods, and Etana offered many prayers and sacrifices to Shamash in the hope that Shamash would give him a wonderful herb of healing. Shamash replied that Etana must go to a certain mountain and ask the bird upon it to get the herb for him.

Now on this mountain there lived a serpent and her little sons, and an eagle and his little sons. The eagle began to cast a longing eye on the baby serpents and to think what a very tender meal they would make for him. At last the eagle said to his young children, "I'm going to eat the baby serpents. I shall fly into the sky, poise myself there for a little time and then swoop down on them."

But one of the eaglets, wise beyond his age, said to his father, "Oh, don't eat the little serpents, father! They are the children of thy companion on this mountain. Shamash, the Sun God, will see thy wicked deed and will punish thee. He will catch thee in the net of his rays, and thou wilt not be able to escape from him." The father eagle was, however, quite determined and would not listen to the words of his little son. He swooped down from the sky upon the baby serpents and ate them. The serpent came to its nest carrying food for its little ones, and found them all gone.

"It is the eagle who has done this thing! The wicked

bird! I will complain unto Shamash!" cried he. Then he prayed to Shamash and said, "Oh, Shamash! Great lord! The evil that wicked bird has done to me! He watched my nest from the skies and swooped down upon my little ones and ate them. Oh, Shamash! thy net encompasseth the earth and the heavens! Let not the eagle escape from it."

Shamash listened to the complaint of the serpent and said, "Go thy way back to the mountain. I will slay a beast for thee. Do thou hide in it. Then every sort of bird will be attracted by the flesh of the beast and the eagle amongst them. The eagle will fly down, but will not guess that thou art within the beast. When he comes near and begins to devour the flesh, do thou seize him by the wings and break them. Then throw him into the pit to die of hunger and thirst."

Upon hearing these words from Shamash, the serpent went back to the mountain rejoicing in the prospect of revenging himself upon the eagle. There he found a dead beast, as the god had promised, and hid himself within it. Soon every kind of bird was attracted by the flesh and flew down to eat it. The eagle looked down and said to his little ones, "Come! let us go down and devour the flesh of this dead buffalo." The same wise eaglet again spoke to his father and said, "Don't go down, father. Perhaps a serpent is hiding inside the beast." But the eagle again refused to listen to his son's words, and flew down to eat the flesh. He circled round trying to find the best spot and then settled on the beast. As soon as he did so, the serpent caught him by the wing, broke his wings and claws, and threw him into a pit to die of hunger and thirst, as Shamash had ordered.

But the eagle, though he suffered much, did not die, for he had the secret of perpetual youth. By the end of eight months his strength was restored, his wings and claws were strong again, and the mighty bird was once more almost ready for flight. It was just at this time that Shamash sent Etana to ask the eagle how he could best obtain the precious herb. For it seemed certain that the bird who could so won-

derfully renew its youth must be able to find the herb of healing.

Etana found the eagle in the pit and brought abundant food for it. When the bird had devoured the food it became as strong as a lion, and said to Etana, "My friend, my friend!" Etana then told the eagle that Shamash had sent him to ask for the herb of healing. The eagle replied that he would carry Etana up to the home of the gods, where Ea and Shamash and Ishtar had their thrones. He told Etana that he had seen the goddess Ishtar seated upon her magnificent throne with lions at her feet, and that the sight was so terrifying that he had trembled and fallen to the ground before her. "My friend," said the eagle, "I will carry thee to heaven, and we will bow together at the gate of the high gods. Place thy chest against my back, and grasp my wings with thine arms." Etana climbed upon the eagle's back and lay down flat upon it, grasping the bird's wings with his hands. The bird flew strongly and steadily upwards carrying his great burden. For two hours they soared, and then the eagle said, "Look down upon the earth, my friend. What does it look like? How do the seas look now?" Etana replied that the earth seemed to be swallowed by the mountains. At the end of the sixth hour they were still soaring upwards, and the eagle again said, "Look down upon the earth, my friend. What does it look like now?" Etana replied that the sea looked no bigger than the little ditch of a gardener. The eagle and Etana reached the gate of heaven and bowed together before the great gods, but they had not yet mounted to the throne of Ishtar. Then the eagle again said to Etana, "Place thy chest against my back, and hold my wings with thy hands, and I will mount with thee even to the throne of the great goddess Ishtar." They flew upwards once more, the eagle carrying his burden steadily. "My friend," said the eagle, "how does the earth look now?" Etana looked down and was filled with terror, for he could no longer see anything beneath him but a great void. "My friend, my friend!" cried he, "stop thy flight upwards, for I dare not

mount higher." The eagle tried to soar on in spite of Etana's cries and struggles, but at last he lost his balance, and together they rolled over and over down the void, until they struck the mighty rock from which they had started. Thus were Etana and the eagle dashed to pieces and the herb was lost to mankind.

THE ANIMALS LOSE THEIR TEMPER

A Joke from the Lushai Hills (Between Bengal and Burma)

Once upon a time there was a man who was called Chemchongsaipa. He was sharpening his weapon by the river when a prawn bit him in the leg. He became angry and cut a tree. The tree became angry and dropped a fruit as big as a melon on the back of a cock. The cock became angry and scratched up an ants' nest. The ants became angry and bit a snake in the tail. The snake became angry and stung a boar on the leg. The boar became angry and rooted up a plantain tree in which a bat lived. The bat became angry and flew into the ear of an elephant. The elephant became angry and knocked a mortar for pounding rice down the hill. The mortar rolled on an old woman's house and knocked it down.

"Mortar! Pay a fine," said she. "I shan't," said the mortar; "the elephant set me rolling." Then the elephant blamed the bat, the bat blamed the trees, and so on until they came to the prawn. He could not blame anyone, so they said, "Will you die in cold water or in hot?" "In cold," said he; and he dived to the bottom of a pool saying, "Ha! ha! I'm too clever for you." But he was not, for the animals made the elephant suck the pool dry and caught the prawn and gave him to the toad to cook. The toad called them, saying, "It is ready," but the animals found nothing but water. The toad explained that he had swallowed the prawn by accident when tasting the broth. So they pinched him all over his back, and that is why toads have warts on their backs even to-day.

PLATE VI

Totem Poles, Alert Bay, Cormorant Island, Vancouver

RAVEN

A Story of the Tlingit Indians of Alaska

(*The story of Raven is so very, very old that no one knows exactly how to begin it. Each man starts from what he knows.*)

Raven found the world in darkness and thought over many plans for getting light into it. Nascakiyel, the old man of the Nass river, had in his house all sorts of things from which light may be shed upon the world. But the question was how to get them from him. Now Nascakiyel had a daughter whom he loved dearly, and Raven knew that the old man would love his daughter's baby as dearly as he loved her, so he made up his mind to become the baby son of Nascakiyel's daughter.

The old man was wealthy and wanted to have his grandson's cradle lined with fur, but the daughter knew that the baby would prefer a lining of moss. So the child lay in its little moss-lined cradle rolling its bright black eyes round and round the old man's hut. On the walls hung bundles of different size and shape, and the baby fixed its eyes on these all the time. As soon as it could crawl it pointed to them and cried for them. The old man loved the baby and could not bear to see it cry, so he said, "Give my grandchild what he wants. Give him the bag of stars that hangs just here." The child stopped crying at once and began to play contentedly with the bag, rolling it from one place to another. At last he rolled it under the hole in the roof through which the smoke escaped, and the bag floated away through the hole. As it neared the heavens, the stars escaped from it and arranged themselves in the sky so that at last there was faint starlight for the people on the earth.

The baby was quiet for a long time after this, but presently he began to cry for another bag. He cried so bitterly that they feared he would die, and his grandfather said, "Untie the next one and give it to the child." The little chap rolled it about and played with it until it was under the smoke-hole and then let it go. At once the big moon escaped from the bag and sailed up into the sky, so now there was moonlight as well as starlight in the world.

There now remained just one thing for the child to get, and that was the box that held the daylight. He began to cry for that. His eyes turned round and round and shone with different colours, and people guessed that he was no ordinary baby. But grandfathers always love the first grandson very dearly, and the old man at last said, "Untie the box and give it to him." Alas, for the poor old man! As soon as the child had the daylight box in his grasp he changed into a raven, and uttering the raven cry, "Ga! Ga!" he flew out through the smoke-hole with it.

At that time the Raven was quite white. This is what happened to make him black. He heard that Petrel had a spring of water that never failed, and Raven wanted to bring the water down to the world, so that men should have plenty. But Petrel wanted to keep all the water to himself, and guarded it most carefully, even sleeping by it at night. At last Raven played a trick on Petrel and managed to get at the water and steal a great quantity of it. Just as he was escaping through the smoke-hole Petrel cried out, "My spirits in the smoke-hole! Catch this thief for me." So they caught him and held him in the smoke while Petrel put pitchwood on the fire and made a thick smoke. Yet Raven did not let one drop of the water fall, and at last succeeded in getting away. But from that hour his feathers were as black as soot.

He then scattered the water in various places, and thus formed the great rivers of Alaska, the Nass, the Taku, the Chilkat and all the other large rivers there. The drops that splashed about became the small salmon creeks of the dis-

trict. Raven then opened the daylight box and the sun flew up and took his place in the sky. The light startled the animals who separated and fled from it. Those with sea-coats, such as the sea otter and fur seal, dived into the ocean, while those with land-coats, such as the land otter, the bear and the martin, went into the woods.

Raven flew on again and espied beneath him a piece of jade. He pecked out a design on it, and flew among men showing them how to make axes, picks and spears of stone and jade. Thus men became mighty hunters and lords of the salmon, the birds and the beasts. Raven also went to Queen Charlotte Island and taught the people how to make a canoe, and how to make salmon spears and halibut hooks, and how to catch shell fish. To this day the beach on Queen Charlotte Island where Raven taught people these things is called Raven's Beach.

It would take very, very long to tell all the things that Raven did to help men. But there was one thing which he could not teach them, and that was how to avoid death. The reason for this was that when Nascakiyel created human beings, he tried to make them both from the rock and from the leaves. The rock was slow in changing its shape, but the leaves quickly became men and women. Then Nascakiyel showed a leaf to the human beings whom he had made and said, "You see this leaf, when it falls from the tree it dies. You will always be like the leaves that fall and die." Ever since that time the Tlingit men have said, "We are unfortunate in not having been made from the lasting rocks. As we have been made from leaves, we must die like the leaves."

THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS

Another Tlingit Story

The group of little islands now called the Queen Charlotte Islands used to be all joined together. This story tells how the islets came to be broken off from the big island.

The people on the island were fishermen and went out every day fishing for halibut. They were all lucky in their fishing except one man. He was most unlucky, and even if all the people about his canoe were pulling in fish, he himself would not be able to catch one.

At last one calm day he had a bite. The pull on the fishing line was so strong that the man thought he must be going to land a big fish. But when at last he got it into his canoe, it was merely a very small baby halibut, and he could not catch any other fish at all. In the evening when he took it ashore he said to his wife, "I've caught a very small halibut. Perhaps my luck will turn now." His wife went to look at it, and when she saw how tiny it was, she just took it by the tail and threw it on the beach in disgust.

Then the halibut was offended and began to flop its tail up and down on the beach. It also began to grow larger and larger. Soon it was as large as a canoe paddle, and still it continued to flop its tail up and down and to grow and grow and grow. Now it was the size of a large piece of red cedar wood prepared for roofing, and yet it continued to grow larger and larger and to flop its tail up and down. By evening it had become a huge monster, and when it flopped its tail up and down great pieces were broken off the mainland and became the little islets of the Queen Charlotte group. The people, too, were separated and scattered about on the islands. Long after this a young chief of the Queen Char-

lotte Isles married a woman whom he dearly loved. Alas! she fell ill and no one could do anything to make her better. The chief sent for every wise man he could hear of, but none was clever enough to cure her, and at last she died.

The young chief sorrowed long and could not be comforted for her loss. He thought he would like to have a wooden image carved to be as nearly like her as possible. He went from place to place getting the wood-carvers to try to make an image just like his dead wife. But none of them succeeded in pleasing him.

All this time there was living in the chief's own village a man who could carve most skilfully. One day this man went to the chief and said, "You are going from village to village trying to get an image of your wife, and can't find anyone who can please you, can you? Now I have very often seen your wife walking by your side. I know just how she looked at you. I did not specially study her face to make a carving of it, but all the same I think I can remember it well enough to get a good likeness if you will only let me try."

Then the man got a fine piece of red cedar wood and began to carve it. Patiently and lovingly he went on with his task until at last the image was finished. The workman asked for the clothes the chief's wife used to wear and put them on the image. He then went to the young chief and told him to come and see if the likeness pleased him. As soon as the young chief got inside the wood-carver's house he became filled with delight. For there sitting before him was the very image of his dead wife smiling at him just as she used to do. He at once took the statue home with him and felt happier than he had been since his wife's death. He asked the man who had done the carving, "What do I owe you?" The man replied, "I felt so grieved to see you mourn for your wife that I wanted to comfort you. So don't pay me too much for it. I did it lovingly because I was so sorry for you."

The young chief felt almost as if his wife had come back to

him, and always sat close to the image and treated it as though it were his wife. In his dreams he often saw the image come to life and talk to him, but this never happened when he was awake.

Something very strange did happen, however, for a most beautiful red cedar tree sprang up in the chief's hut. It was of a much finer sort than any other that grew on the island before that time, but since that time the cedars on Queen Charlotte Island have become famous. This is because they have sprung from the red cedar tree that grew in the young chief's hut.

THE CORN MAIDENS

A Zuñi Tale from Western New Mexico

In the land of the Zuñi rain is scarce and uncertain and the Ashiwanni, or rain priests, are often asked to help the people in their constant prayers for the much longed-for rain. For without rain how can their corn grow?

The Ashiwanni were the ancestors of the Zuñi people, and when they first reached the world they did not know of corn, but depended on grass seeds for their food. But, unseen and unknown, the Corn Maidens had come with the Ashiwi when they entered our world, and had travelled with them till they reached the Place of Fog. While the Ashiwi were living in the Place of Fog, two witches saw the Corn Maidens sitting under an arch of pine boughs.

"Who are you?" said the witches. "We are the Corn Maidens," replied they. "Where is your corn?" "We have none." "That is not right at all," said the witches; "if you are Corn Maidens you must have corn." Then the witches gave the first maiden a yellow ear of corn, the second a blue ear of corn, a red one to the third, a white one to the fourth, a many-coloured one to the fifth and a black one to the sixth. They then gave an ear of sweet corn to the seventh, and seeds of the squash, the water melon and the musk melon to the eighth, ninth and tenth. After receiving the ears of corn and the seeds, the ten maidens said, "We will dance." They faced the east in their dance so that they might see the Sun Father arise. All night they danced in a bower whereof the walls were made of cedar trees and the roof was the soft white cloud, fringed with the boughs of the western spruce. The witches watched their dance all night, but the Ashiwi had not even seen the Corn Maidens yet. When morning came the witches went travelling onwards with the Ashiwi, but

they did not tell them of the Maidens, who remained at the Place of Fog, dancing and bathing in the morning dew.

The Ashiwi travelled on and had many adventures, and at last settled not far from the Place of Fog. One day two of the Ashiwi who were out on a deer hunt came to this place and saw the ten maidens dancing beneath the spruce boughs. Each maiden held in her hand stalks of a plant which had delicate white plume-like leaves. The two hunters on their return went to their priests, the Ashiwanni, and told them what they had seen. The priests were very anxious that the Corn Maidens should come to the Ashiwi and dance for them to make the rains fall and the corn grow. A messenger was sent and the Corn Maidens agreed to come and dance. A place was prepared in the sacred dance court of the Ashiwi, a meal painting of rain-bearing clouds was made on the ground, and the waving corn was placed around. At midnight the Ashiwanni led the Corn Maidens to this sacred court and they began to dance, but as the maidens danced on and on the priests and people fell asleep.

Now the dainty little god Payatamu was wandering about. He heard the sound of dancing, came in, and sat down in the north-east corner. He wears a crown of flowers and plays the flute so joyously that the flowers burst into bloom as soon as they hear it and the butterflies awake and come fluttering after him. His home is just beneath the rainbow arch. Payatamu was delighted with the dancing of the Corn Maidens and soon fell quite in love with the Yellow Corn Maiden. He began to think he would run off with her. The Corn Maidens guessed his thoughts and were much alarmed, but the Yellow Corn Maiden whispered, "Let us dance a little longer. I think he will soon fall asleep and then we shall run away."

Presently Payatamu did drop off to sleep, and then the Corn Maidens ran off by the light of the Morning Star to their home in the Place of Fog. They dived down into the spring and the gods, in the form of ducks, covered them with their wings.

Next day when Payatamu and the Ashiwanni awoke they were astonished to find that the Corn Maidens had vanished. Though the Ashiwi and their priests, the Ashiwanni, searched long, they could not find the Corn Maidens, nor did Payatamu discover the hiding-place of the beautiful Yellow Corn Maiden.

For many years the Ashiwi lived happily in Zuñi and thought but little of the Corn Maidens. Then trouble overtook them, their corn crops failed and other food was very scarce. The Ashiwi were in great distress and did not know how to satisfy their hunger. They now thought of the Corn Maidens, but did not know where to find them. The raven, the owl and the hawk flew in all directions searching for them, but quite in vain. The Ashiwanni then asked Bitsitsi, the jester of the Sun Father, to help them. Bitsitsi came to Zuñi and promised to find the Corn Maidens. All the time that he was looking for them the Ashiwanni sat without fire or food, water or smoke. They did this because they wanted to fix their thoughts on finding the Corn Maidens and getting rain for the dry earth. Bitsitsi from the top of a tall tree saw one of the maidens between the ducks' wings, and went to ask them to come and dance for the Ashiwi. The Maidens replied that they were afraid to do this, but at last Bitsitsi persuaded them to come.

After a solemn service in which Bitsitsi, the Ashiwanni and the Maidens all took part, the Corn Maidens departed, but left corn seeds with the Ashiwi. The crops grew well, and when they were about a foot high, the Corn Maidens came again to dance for the Ashiwi so as to bring them rain and good crops. The sacred dance court was once more arranged for them, but this time the Ashiwanni warriors remained awake to protect the Maidens. Payatamu came from his home beneath the rainbow to play for them, joyous choirs sang, and the Corn Maidens danced till evening. Then they disappeared, and from that time onwards the Corn Maidens never again came to visit the Ashiwi.

THE MAN WHO LOVED HIS FATHER

A Chinese Story

In the second century before Christ there lived in China a poor man who earned a living by tilling the ground. His mother died while he was very young and Tong-yong had sole charge of his father. Tong-yong loved and tended him most carefully, but he had great difficulty in earning enough to provide for the needs of his father and himself. His father became quite infirm and ailing, and in order not to leave him alone all day, Tong-yong would wheel him down to the fields where he was working and put him beneath a shady elm. When his father died, Tong-yong was still so poor that he was not able to pay for proper funeral ceremonies. He therefore went to a rich man in the neighbourhood, told him of his difficulty and begged him to lend him the money. The rich man agreed on condition that Tong-yong should enter his service and work for him until the debt was paid off.

Tong-yong then performed all the funeral ceremonies for his father and set off to enter the service of the rich man who had lent him the money. On his way he met a beautiful maiden who offered to marry him. Though Tong-yong told her that he was poor and in debt, the maiden still kept to her offer, and the two of them set off for the rich man's house. The man said to them, "I am going to give you six hundred pieces of silk to weave. When you have finished that, your debt will be paid and you can go home." Tong-yong took the silk, and his wife said she would help him. They set to work at once, and so skilful was she in weaving that before a month was out the whole six hundred pieces of silk were ready! The master could hardly believe his eyes, but as he

had given his word that they should be free when the silk was woven, he was obliged to let them depart.

On their way back to the place where they had met, the maiden said to Tong-yong, "In the Milky Way in Heaven there are many thousand such clever weavers as I am. I am one of the Çelestial Weavers, and the Lord of Heaven sent me to help you because you were so kind to your father. A good son deserves to be helped. In a little time the Lord of Heaven will send you two sons to care for you in your old age." When she had said this, the maiden returned to the sky and took her place in the Milky Way. After a little time she brought down to Tong-yong their two sons. The elder boy had wings as well as arms, and there was something in his face that reminded one of a bird, but the younger boy was just like other children.

The happy father took his two sons home, and the elder was so strong that he soon was earning enough to provide both for his father and his younger brother. The younger son gave himself up to study and was soon famous for his wise sayings. The story of Tong-yong, his starry wife, and his two sons was spread abroad, and the Emperor sent for them to come to court, but they did not want to go. One day the elder brother said to his father, "Last night mother came down and asked us to join her in the sky. Come! Let us go." Then he spread out his wings, took his father and his younger brother on his back and flew up with them to the Milky Way. The Emperor was much impressed when he heard the news, and built a little bird pagoda in memory of it.

The Chinese tell that the Weaver Goddess travels across the Milky Way once a year to visit the Cowherd of the Milky Way. As there is no bridge across the stream, the magpies meet in great numbers, and gripping each other firmly by the tufts on their heads, they spread out their wings and make a living bridge across which the Weaver Goddess passes for her yearly visit to the Cowherd. The peasants say there is proof of this, for the magpies leave China for two

months every year, and on their return their heads are quite bare of feathers, because these were pulled out when they were holding one another's plumes so as to make a bird bridge across the Milky Way. On the night that the Weaver Goddess passes across the bird bridge, the women take a needle and a strand of red silk and try to thread it by the light of the moon. If they succeed, it is a sign that they will be lucky in weaving all through the coming year.

SHUN

A Chinese Story

The great Chinese Emperor Yao who lived about 2000 years before Christ, had an adviser named Shun who afterwards became as great an emperor as Yao himself.

Shun did not have a happy boyhood, for his parents loved his half-brother Seang so much that they were jealous of Shun. This grieved Shun very much, for it is part of the religion of China to cherish and to try to please one's parents. Often Shun wept and asked the pitying heavens why he could not win the love of his parents. A great Chinese writer says of Shun: "To be delighted in by scholars is what men desire, but this could not remove the sorrow of Shun. To marry the daughter of an emperor is what men desire, but this could not remove the sorrow of Shun. Riches are what men desire, and these he had in abundance, but they could not remove the sorrow of Shun. Honour is what men desire, and he had the honour of becoming emperor, yet this could not remove the sorrow of Shun." His sorrow could only be removed when he had won the love of his parents, and they, alas! continued to love the wicked Seang, and would not show any affection to Shun in spite of all his virtues. Shun was anxious to learn from his earliest boyhood. He ploughed on the mountain slopes and became skilful in the potter's art while on the banks of the Yellow River. Afterwards he lived as a fisherman on the lake, and then learned to make tools of every sort.

So wise and thoughtful was he, that wherever he lived scholars flocked to him for the pleasure of hearing his conversation. His patience and industry and wisdom

brought him great rewards, for the Emperor Yao chose him as his chief minister.

It is said that when he lived among the rough dwellers on the remote hills they delighted in good deeds, for Shun was always so glad to see the right done. Yet they felt as if he were just one of them, for he ate his parched grain and herbs with them and showed no pride. Later when he became Emperor, and had to wear embroidered robes, to play the lute, and to be waited on by princesses, he behaved as if all these things were a matter of course, and was just as simple and unaffected as he had been in his humble days.

Later Seang, his half-brother, joined his father in another attempt to kill Shun. They got him into a well, and then covered the top so that all air was cut off from him, hoping that he would be stifled. Seang went off rejoicing, and said, "This Prince has been destroyed by me, his oxen and sheep, his storehouses and granaries shall be mine. His lute shall be mine. The carved bow, the token that he is fellow ruler of China with the Emperor Yao, shall be mine. His wives shall become my slaves."

Seang marched into Shun's palace, and behold! there was Shun lying upon his couch playing the lute! He had found a hole in the side of the well and had escaped. Seang said, "I only came because I was anxious about you." But all the same he blushed very deeply, and Shun guessed very well all that was passing in Seang's mind.

Shun had pleased the Emperor by helping him to bring order into China. In Yao's time we read, "The world had not yet been perfectly reduced to order. The vast waters flowed out of their channels and flooded the country. The jungle spread rapidly, and the birds and wild beasts swarmed. Grain could not be grown, for the birds and beasts pressed upon men. The paths marked by the feet of beasts and the prints of birds crossed one another throughout the Middle Kingdom."

Yao was full of anxious sorrow about this, and asked Shun to help him. Shun at once began to right the disorder. He

caused the jungles to be set on fire, and the birds and beasts were startled and fled to the hills.

Another minister, Yu, who afterwards became the Emperor Yu the Great,[1] was entrusted with the task of draining the marshes. The people were taught the best way of sowing and reaping and of cultivating the five kinds of grain. Thus at last prosperity settled on the land and the black-haired people were happy. They were no longer compelled to hide on the mountains or in caves, but could come fearlessly down into the plains and valleys, safe from floods and wild beasts. Shun then turned his attention to the education of his people. A minister was appointed who was specially entrusted with the charge of teaching the people the way in which men should live together. Affection towards one another, loving reverence towards one's parents, righteousness, order, good faith, and all the duties of the different positions in life were taught to the people.

The Emperor Yao honoured his minister, and bade his sons and daughters and his officers to be prepared to serve Shun among the channelled fields.

When Yao died, Shun became emperor, for the people knew and trusted him. Princes came to ask him to become emperor and hailed him in song as their deliverer in trouble. At first Shun hesitated to accept the honour, but everyone persuaded him that it was a gift of heaven. They said, "Heaven sees as the people see; Heaven hears as the people hear." Shun was obliged to take some action against his half-brother Seang. He gave him the title of Prince of a district on the remote borders of China. In order that Seang's bad rule should not bring distress upon his subjects, Shun arranged that all the government should be in the hands of other officers who could be trusted. Seang was called Prince and was given a fixed income, but he had no power to injure any one.

When Shun died, he was succeeded by the Emperor Yu

1 *Ancient Tales from Many Lands*, p. 124.

the Great, and to this day the names of Yao, Shun and Yu are honoured in the records of China as three of her greatest rulers.

PLATE VII

A Buddhist Wheel of Life from Japan

THE WHEEL OF LIFE

A Sacred Picture from the East

On the opposite page is one of the sacred pictures of the world. Everything in the picture has a special meaning which could be best explained to you by the Buddhist priests of Eastern lands. One of the greatest religious teachers the world has seen was Gautama Buddha, who lived in the sixth century before Christ in Northern India, in the region between Gaya, Allahabad and the Himalaya Mountains.

His life and his teachings were very beautiful, and many people of Asia, especially those who live in Thibet, China, Burmah, Ceylon and parts of India, follow his teachings to-day. Very often the priests live together in monasteries, though there is no rule that a man must spend the whole of his life in the monasteries if he has once entered it. Outside the monasteries there is always a picture of this sacred wheel, and there are brethren in the monastery who can explain to anyone who is interested the meaning that lies behind the picture.

It is said that Buddha first traced the design with rice grains when he was trying to teach his disciples the best way of life. Buddha had a faithful friend and disciple named Ananda. To him one day Buddha gave instructions that the brethren at the porters' lodges of the monasteries should paint a wheel of life and death. Very likely he chose the wheel as the shape for his picture because the wheel had long been held sacred in India and Thibet, and so he thought the people would more easily understand his meaning. The praying wheels of these lands are among the first things travellers notice, and many people in Eastern lands turn a wheel as they pray just as many people in Western lands

tell their beads as they pray. But when Buddha told his brethren to paint a wheel of life and death, they did not, of course, know how to do it. Buddha explained to them just how he wanted the wheel to be made, and if you look at the picture you will see the various things mentioned.

Buddha said, "Make the figure of a wheel with a nave in the centre and five spokes. Within the nave paint a white circle with a picture of Buddha in the centre. Below the white circle, but in the nave, draw a pigeon, a snake and a pig to remind people that wicked thoughts, bad temper and stupidity must be conquered. Under the nave paint the place of punishment for evil-doers. On the right-hand side of the nave paint animals of every sort. On the left-hand side of the nave paint men, and below them paint spirits. In the rim of the wheel paint a circle of buckets holding living creatures with their heads out of the buckets and dead creatures with their feet out of the buckets. Around the outside of the wheel, beginning on the top left-hand side and working round under the wheel and up to the top right-hand side, paint these things: A man drawing water; a woman with children in her arms, a man and a woman in pleasure and in pain, a man in a boat, a monkey, a potter's wheel, a demon, a man trying to drive a camel, a man suffering pain, a man and a woman weeping, a man and a woman full of grief, a funeral, a man and a woman in ill-health, a very old man and a very old woman, a woman kneeling on the ground, and, last of all, an image of Brahma. The wheel is to be held by the Dragon of Change, and above the Dragon of Change paint a white circle to show the purity and perfect peace of noble living."

The writing on each side of the picture tells people to continue faithful to Buddhism, so that they may drain the sea of trouble and may conquer pain and evil as an elephant crushes a bed of straw.

The brethren painted the wheel on the porters' lodges just as Buddha had directed. But when passers-by stopped and asked them what it meant they were quite unable to

reply. This was reported to Buddha, who ordered that one of the brothers should be chosen to take his seat at the porters' lodge and explain the Wheel to those who asked its meaning. At first the brethren were not very careful to choose a man who really understood and could explain the picture, but Buddha told them how important it was to choose the best man, and so the wisest and most patient brother was chosen to sit by the porters' lodge and explain the wondrous wheel to passers-by.

. . . . . .

The Buddha of whom the above was written was Gautama Buddha, and we often think of him as the only Buddha. But in Asia the name is given to certain teachers of the truth who appear in the world from time to time and try to help people to find the true Way of Life, so there have been many Buddhas. But none has been so much admired and reverenced as Gautama Buddha. Even in his lifetime, his disciples, after listening to his teachings in the rainy seasons, would go out during the dry months to spread the news of his teaching to other lands, and after his death the Buddhist priests continued even more earnestly to spread his teachings through Eastern Asia. The next story is an account written long ago by a Chinese pilgrim who visited India to try to get books to show his fellow Chinese exactly what Buddha taught about the best Way of Life.

FA HIAN

An Ancient Tale of a Chinese Pilgrim

A little more than seven hundred years after the death of Gautama Buddha there lived in China a devout Buddhist priest named Fa Hian. He was much troubled because the Chinese followers of Buddha had such very poor and incomplete books of the law. At last he and a few other priests made up their minds to set out for India and try to find in that country books which they could translate and bring back to their native land.

Fa Hian and his fellow pilgrims started out from Shensi, and after they had crossed the first mountain range, they were obliged to rest during the rainy season. When the season of the rains ended and they had once more set out upon their journey they came to a town on the inner side of the Great Wall of China. Here they met with a more serious difficulty, for there was rebellion in the land and the roads were closed to them. The King was much grieved that the pilgrims should be delayed, but there was no help for it, and here they had to spend the precious dry season. Fortunately there were many Buddhists at the King's court, and Fa Hian was pleased to meet men who were interested in the same things as he himself loved. Finally, the rainy season overtook them again and Fa Hian was fortunate enough to make friends with one of the rulers, who gave him many offerings of food for himself and the few companions still left with him. Their road now lay to the south-west, through a country where there were neither dwellings nor people. Their sufferings on account of the roughness of the country, the lack of roads, and the numerous rivers and streams were so dreadful that no word can describe them. Yet still they pressed on and at last came to Khotan.

They found Khotan a rich and pleasant place. The priests were living together in a great monastery. On entering the dining hall the priests walked gravely to their places and sat down without a word. All of them kept silence and did not even make any noise with their eating bowls. Fa Hian stayed here to see the car procession. For fourteen days the priests swept and watered and decorated the streets. Above the city gate they stretched a great awning under which sat the King and Queen and court. At a little distance from the city they made a four-wheeled car for an image of the Buddha. The car was about thirty feet in height, and looked like a palace, for it was decked with gold and silver and jewels and had curtains and streamers of gaily-coloured silk. When the car neared the city gate, the King took off his royal cap, changed his old robes for new ones and then set out to meet the car. He went barefooted and carried flowers and incense. He burnt the incense and scattered the flowers at the feet of the image and then returned with the car to the city gate. Here the Queen and the courtiers scattered upon the car every sort of lovely flower. When Fa Hian had seen these things he visited the temple to the west of the city. Eighty years had been spent in building it, and many kings had given their wealth to make it beautiful. It was about 290 feet high, was decorated with carved and inlaid work and glittered with gold and silver. There was in it a hall for Buddha in which the beams, pillars, doors and window frames were all gold plated.

After leaving this wealthy country they travelled on and came to a cold and hilly land where the plants and trees grew very scarce. Next they crossed the mountains, meeting with winds and rains and snows which did not melt even in summer, and their path was rough and stony. Looking down the mountain side seemed like looking down a stone wall and there was no sure foothold; they then crossed the river on a hanging rope bridge and were at last in Northern India. Keen was their delight in pressing forward to gaze upon the places where the Great Master had lived. They

saw the footprint which Buddha left and which seemed long or short according to the thoughtfulness of a man's heart, and the place where Buddha cut off his flesh and gave it to the hawk so that a pigeon's life might be saved, and the place where he gave his very eyes in charity.

In Peshwar they saw a most beautiful temple with a double tower. The priests told them that a certain great king saw a little shepherd boy building a tiny tower by the roadside. The King asked the boy, "What are you doing?" "Building a tower for Buddha," replied the child. The King then built above the child's tower a lofty temple adorned with jewels and precious metals. Picture his surprise when at last it was completed and he saw that the little shepherd boy's tower had come out more than three feet higher than his own!

In this country was the alms bowl that Buddha used when he travelled as a pilgrim and depended on the food given him by kindly folk. A great king who conquered the country tried to steal the alms bowl. He brought a mighty elephant and placed the bowl upon it, but the elephant at once fell to the ground and could not rise. Then the King caused a four-wheeled car drawn by eight elephants to be brought, but as soon as ever the bowl was placed in the car the eight elephants all fell to the ground and could not rise. Upon seeing this, the King understood that Buddha did not wish him to take away the alms bowl, and he retired filled with shame and regret. The bowl is of a mixed colour, but chiefly black. It will hold more than two pecks and has four clear divisions. When poor people cast an offering of even a few flowers into it, the bowl at once seems full, but when rich people cast many hundreds of flowers into it, the bowl often seems empty. The pilgrims also saw Buddha's staff and robe, and the priests told them that if the rains were late in coming and the robe was brought out the rains fell at once. Farther on they saw Buddha's shadow, which he left to this country. At a distance of about ten paces it was quite easy to see the shadow, which was of a shining golden colour

and exactly the same shape as Buddha's image. But nearer or farther off than ten paces the shadow could not be seen.

They travelled now across the Little Snowy Mountains. These, both in summer and winter, are covered with snow, and on the north side of the mountains in the shade a most severe and dreadful frost came on suddenly. Fa Hian and his companions were chilled to the bone, and one poor pilgrim could not move. As he lay dying Fa Hian caressed and tended him, for his friend was dear to him. But it was all to no purpose, the stricken man felt that he was dying, and begged the others to leave him and hasten onwards before they too were frozen to death. This they refused to do, but stayed by him to the end. Then they pressed forward against the icy blast, and at last came into the pleasant valleys on the south of Afghanistan. Here they spent the rainy season. After the rains they travelled on towards the south-east and crossed the Jumna.

In the country which the pilgrims had now reached, the people were followers of Buddha. Except for the Chandalas, no one killed or ate flesh. They kept neither pigs, nor fowls, nor cattle, nor did they sell wine. Instead of coins, they used cowrie shells. But the Chandalas not only hunted and ate flesh, but even ate garlic and onions. So they were reckoned evil men, and as they entered a town or market, they sounded a wooden rattle so that men might know that Chandalas were coming and might keep out of their way.

Wherever Fa Hian and his fellow pilgrims went in India they were kindly treated. The priests would come forward and say, "From what country have you come?" When they learnt that they had come a journey from China which had taken years, they said, "Wonderful indeed it is that men should come from the ends of the earth just out of longing for the law." Even in India they came to some difficult places, for here and there they had to travel through swampy regions infested with wild beasts, where, as Fa Hian said, "It was not possible to travel carelessly."

The priests of one of the temples which they visited told

them a strange story. They said that in former times the temple had been neglected by men and the region around had become a desert given over to wild beasts. There were no priests to sweep or water the temple. But it did not remain neglected after all, for the wild elephants came carrying water in their trunks and piously cleaned the temple. They also brought fresh wild flowers every day and laid them on the altar. Some travelling pilgrims discovered the forgotten temple and saw the elephants doing their services about the temple as if they had been human. They grieved to think that there were no priests here so that the very elephants had to water and sweep and bring offerings of flowers. They told these things to the King of the land, who ordered priests to take up their homes in the temple again and to see that it was beautified and lovingly tended.

At last Fa Hian began to collect some of the precious books for which he had travelled so far and longed so much. He felt that he must learn the ancient language in which they were written, and this took him three years. A further two years he spent in copying sacred books and drawing sacred pictures. Then he took his treasures and embarked on a merchant ship at the mouth of the Ganges to start on his homeward journey. The passengers stayed for a little time in a land at which their ship had to call. Fa Hian had now been absent from his native land for many years. The manners and speech and customs of the people whom he met were all different from those of the Chinese. The towns, peoples, mountains, valleys, plants and trees upon which his eyes fell were unlike those of old times. He was alone, for some of his fellow travellers were dead and the others had stayed in India. His heart was full of the shadows of the past. All at once he saw a merchant offer as a gift at the altar a white taffeta fan of Chinese make. A sudden homesickness came over the poor pilgrim and his tears fell fast. Yet when he heard that other books of the law were to be had in this country, he stayed two more years until he had obtained copies of them.

PLATE VIII

Chinese Pottery Statue of a Lohan

Then at last he took ship for home. The ship started with a fair wind, but a sudden wild storm overtook them and a leak was sprung. The merchants expected death every moment and threw their goods overboard to lighten the vessel. Now indeed Fa Hian trembled. He hastily flung overboard all his property except the sacred writings and images and was afraid only lest the merchants should seize them and fling them overboard. Most earnestly did he pray to the saints of China, saying, "I have wandered far and wide in search of the law. Oh, bring me back again to reach some resting-place!" The hurricane blew on for thirteen days and nights, and then they were able to land on a small island and repair the leak in the ship. So Fa Hian's books and images were safe for that time.

But a further black squall with wild pelting rain broke over the ship and the merchantmen and sailors were terrified. Fa Hian again with great earnestness of mind called on all the priests of China to use their power to help the ship and to keep the people on it safe till daylight. When day dawned some of the passengers who were not Buddhists said, "It is because we have this pilgrim priest on board that we have no luck. Come, let us land him on the first island we pass and leave him to his fate. Why should we all suffer for one man?" But Fa Hian had a friend among the merchants who was wealthy and much respected. He said, "If you do this thing, when I arrive in China I will go straight to the King and tell him of your wicked conduct. The King of China believes in the law of Buddha and honours all his priests and you will certainly be punished." The men hesitated when they heard this speech and did not dare to carry out their threat.

The luck continued to be against them, the rice and the fresh water were nearly at an end and everyone suffered much from hunger and thirst. But after many anxious days they unexpectedly came upon land, though, as there were no men living there and no traces of life, they could not be sure what land it was. But Fa Hian caught sight of a certain

sort of reed plant and knew at once that this shore was some part of his native land. A little later a few hunters came up, and when the news of the coming of the ship reached the ruler of the province he came at once. He was a faithful follower of the law of Buddha, and was filled with joy on learning that Fa Hian had brought back sacred books and images that had not been known before in China. Fa Hian had been away from home for no less than fourteen years, yet even now he did not go straight back to his native town. He felt that his first duty was to show to the priests in the great southern towns the new books of the law. Then at last he returned to Chan'an in Shensi, his native town, after having faced every sort of danger and anxiety on his long land and sea journey and having counted pain, loneliness and home-sickness as less than nothing in his great desire to bring back to China the books of the law.

MANAVAMMA

A Story from Ceylon

Prince Manavamma was living in Ceylon (which was then called Lanka) towards the end of the seventh century after Christ. Manavamma and the people who wrote his history would not have reckoned the date in this way, but would have said in the thirteenth century after Buddha, for Buddhism is the chief religion of Ceylon. He married the daughter of the Rajah of Malaya and lived with her in hiding in the north of the island, for the King of Ceylon hated Manavamma. At last the news of the prince's marriage and his hiding-place reached the ears of the King, and Manavamma was obliged to leave the island.

He went to Southern India and took service with King Narasinha there. He laboured day and night to please the King, and won his favour. As soon as he felt sure Narasinha's friendship was real, he brought his wife to India so that she might live in peace and safety. Narasinha and Manavamma became very close friends and trusted one another completely. Here are two stories which show the friendly way in which they treated each other.

One day as King Narasinha was out on his elephant riding for pleasure, he became very thirsty, and as he sat upon an elephant he drank the water from a tender coconut. Manavamma was riding close behind the King. The King did not know it was Manavamma, and when he had drunk what he wanted he handed the nut with the rest of the juice in it to Manavamma, thinking he was an attendant. Now to offer the rest of what one had been drinking to an equal was considered an insult, and the man who drank it was considered to have disgraced himself. Here was a fine chance

for a quarrel, but Manavamma thought to himself, "This King has been a true friend to me. Looked at from a common-sense point of view what harm can this drink do me? It is not poison." So he drank from the nut like the sensible man he was. But the King chanced to turn round at that moment and saw what a mistake he had made. He was most anxious not to hurt his friend's feelings, so he stretched out his hand, took the nut from Manavamma and himself drank what had been left in it by his friend. In such fashion do wise men avoid quarrels by showing consideration for one another's feelings.

Now while Narasinha and Manavamma were living together, a king in the district came to make war upon Narasinha. King Narasinha thought within himself, "Manavamma has served me faithfully by day and by night so that with my help he might soon win back Lanka, the kingdom of his birthright. If he now follows me to battle and is slain, his purpose in serving me and my desire to help him would be all in vain." So he set off alone to the war. Now Manavamma thought, "If Narasinha is killed in battle, I shall lose a real friend. Besides, the King has surely treated me as an equal so that I should serve him in battle. It is only fitting that I should join him on the field of battle and share defeat or victory, life or death, with my friend."

For this purpose therefore he got together his troops, mounted on a noble elephant, and led them forth to join Narasinha in the place of battle. Narasinha was delighted when he saw Manavamma coming to his help and said, "Surely now I know that my trust in this man was well placed." Then the two took the field together and won a glorious victory. And the King was greatly pleased with Manavamma and embraced him fondly, saying, "Of a truth thou hast brought victory to me." When he returned to his own city, he held a feast in honour of Manavamma. He said to his officers, "You have seen the brave deeds of my friend here. It is now my duty to help in return, for good men always help those who helped them in the past." The

King then granted Manavamma an army and gave him leave to depart for Lanka to try to win back its crown for himself. But Narasinha wept as if it had been his own son from whom he was parting.

Manavamma took ship and crossed the sea with his army. He had favourable winds and soon reached Lanka. But his Tamil troops from India soon tired of fighting for him and deserted him, and Manavamma had again to flee from the island and take refuge in India. Accordingly he returned once more to the service of King Narasinha and dwelt at his court for many years. At last Narasinha thought to himself, "This my friend is growing old. It would rejoice my heart to see him recover his throne." So once more Manavamma set sail for Lanka with a great fleet. This time he was successful and conquered the island, and Manavamma lifted his parasol of sovereignty over the island, as if he thus sheltered the people from the afflictions which had rained upon them during his absence. His good deeds as a ruler were many, and many were the temples and shelters he built for the Buddhist monks.

HATUPATU AND HIS BROTHERS

A Story from North Island, New Zealand

There were once some brothers who went hunting in the districts that lie between L. Taupo, Roto-rua and the Waikato River in North Island, New Zealand. They mainly snared birds and spent whole days for months following their sport. The elder brothers enjoyed themselves very much, but their little brother, Hatupatu, did not enjoy himself at all. For the elder brothers kept all the best food for themselves and only gave Hatupatu the lean, tough birds.

Every day he sat by the fire at meal times crying because he had only tough nasty meat—but eating it very heartily all the same. The elder brothers laughed to see him crying and eating, eating and crying. One day when his brothers were out snaring birds, and he was, as usual, left at the rest place to take care of things, the little rogue began to have greedy thoughts. He crept into the storehouse where the birds were kept all ready cooked and stored in calabashes.

He stole the youngest and tenderest, beat and dressed some fern root as a relish and ate so heartily that he quite lived up to the New Zealand proverb, "Bravo! That throat of yours can swallow anything."

When he had finished eating the best birds out of the calabashes, he proceeded to take the best out of the casks until he was so tired that he could not possibly eat another mouthful. The next thing he did was to trample, trample and trample all around the pathway leading to the resting place so that his brothers might think a war party had stolen the food. He also gave himself a few bruises and scratches and lay down near the hut.

Presently the elder brothers came home, saw Hatupatu

lying as if he had been badly wounded, and found all the preserved birds gone from the storehouse. They asked their little brother who had done this thing. He replied, "A war party." The brothers saw the footmarks trampled all over the pathways and said, "Alas! it is too true." They dressed little Hatupatu's wounds with warm oil, and everything went on as before. Each day the elder brothers ate the best food, whilst Hatupatu kept eating and crying, crying and eating. He sat on the smoky side of the fire, and his cruel brothers mocked him and said, "Never mind him. Those are not real tears: the smoke has made his eyes water."

By and by Hatupatu was tempted again and played exactly the same trick, telling his brothers exactly the same story. Of course they guessed at once that he was the thief and soon caught him eating in the storehouse. They beat him so severely that they thought he was dead and covered the poor little fellow's body with the feathers of the birds so that no one should see it. Then they set off to their parents' home.

Their father and mother at once noticed that little Hatupatu was missing. "Where is Hatupatu? What has become of your little brother?" said they. "We don't know," was the sulky answer. For a long time the parents argued with their eldest sons, but not one of them would say what had happened, and Hatupatu's father and mother could only search and search and hope that some day they would find him again.

In the meantime the little fellow had recovered and had shaken off the feather heap. He met a very strange-looking woman who had wings upon her arms. She carried little Hatupatu off to her cave and let him live with her. At early dawn each day the woman went off hunting and the little fellow stayed in the cave in the rocks and played with her things. There was a carved two-handed wooden sword, a beautiful cloak made of red feathers taken from the under side of the wings of the Kaka bird, another red cloak made of thick dog's fur, and yet another cloak woven into beautiful

patterns. Also there were tame lizards and little pet birds and many other quaint and amusing things.

All went well for some time, but one day Hatupatu began making playful passes with the sword and cut down the perch on which the little tame birds sat. One little bird flew away to find the bird woman who owned the cave crying piteously. "Our home is ruined, our home is ruined." "Who has done it?" asked the woman. "Hatupatu, Hatupatu," replied the little bird. Then the woman began to take giant strides towards home saying, as she hurried along, "Step out. Stretch along. Step out. Stretch along. There you are, oh, Hatupatu, not far from me. There you are, oh, Hatupatu, not far from me." In three strides she reached the cave, but when she looked about she could not see anything. However, the little bird kept guiding her on, and she almost caught Hatupatu. "Now," thought he, "I'm done for, I am indeed."

But he thought he would try a charm, so he murmured, "O rock, open for me. Open for little Hatupatu." The rock opened and he hid himself in it, but though the woman could not see him she kept calling, "I'll catch you yet, Hatupatu. I'll catch you yet, Hatupatu." When her voice had died away in the far distance the little fellow came up out of the rock and ran towards Roto-rua to the hot sulphur springs there. The woman saw him and rapidly strode after him calling out, "Step out. Stretch along. Step out. Stretch along. There you are, oh, Hatupatu, not far from me. There you are, oh, Hatupatu, not far from me."

When they came to the sulphur springs Hatupatu jumped over them, but the woman thinking they were cold, tried to wade through them. Then she sank through the crust and was scalded to death.

Hatupatu wandered on till he came to the warm bath near his parents' home. An old slave came down to fetch water for Hatupatu's father and mother and found him lying in the warm bath. The old slave said, "Oh, Hatupatu, are you still alive?" "Indeed I am," replied he. Then he went

with the slave to his father and mother. They began to weep loudly for joy, but Hatupatu said, "Hush. Let us cry softly for fear my brothers hear and find out that I have come back. I am going away now to sleep in the cave that you have dug as a store place for your sweet potatoes, and I'll take my meals there and hide from my brothers."

Presently the elder brothers began to notice that they did not get the best and tenderest food as they used to do. They began to beat their mother and the slaves because their food did not please them. They little guessed that their mother was saving all the best food for her darling youngest son, for they thought he must long ago be dead.

At last the people in the village found out the secret and called loudly to one another, "Oh, oh, Hatupatu's here!" The brothers seized their swords and rushed out, prepared to kill their unwelcome younger brother and expecting to see him still the ungrown youth whom they had beaten and left for dead. But when they saw him approach they were so much astonished that their strength left them, and they could only gaze on him in wonder and admiration. He had decorated his head and stuck his hair quite full of the feathers that a great chief should wear. In each ear was a tuft of the soft white down from the albatross's breast. He wore an apron of bright scarlet feathers and carried a two-handed sword, upon the handle of which was carved a wonderful face with large, round, glittering, mother-of-pearl eyes.

The elder brothers soon got over their astonishment at Hatupatu's noble looks and were about to rush upon him again, when their father interfered. "My sons, my sons," said he, "I wish you were as strong in peace as you are in attacking one another. Can you only be strong and brave against your own brother, my last born child?"

On hearing this reproof from their father, the brothers became much ashamed of themselves, the quarrel ended at once, and Hatupatu took his place beside his brothers as one of the leaders of the tribe.

GREEN JASPER AND OBSIDIAN

The Discovery of New Zealand by the Men of Hawaiki

In Hawaiki lived a woman, Hine-tu-a-hoanga, to whom the green jasper belonged, and a man, Ngahue, who had much fine obsidian with which to grind down the green jasper. The woman was very jealous of Ngahue and his obsidian and tormented him so much that he left the island, taking with him his precious stones. The woman followed him to the first island he found, but he escaped from that and came to the island of Aotea (New Zealand). At first he thought that Aotearoa (North Island) would be a place where he and his obsidian and jasper stones might rest in peace. Then he thought again lest he and his enemy should be too close to one another and should quarrel, so he decided that it would be better to go farther away.

He carried his precious stones to the west coast of middle island, and made on that an everlasting resting-place for his obsidian store. He found on the island abundance of jasper and plenty of moa birds. These birds were very large, with a short bill and wings so small in proportion to the rest of their body that it was quite easy to catch them. This unfortunately led the natives to destroy them altogether because they were so useful for food, and now there are no moas left in the world.

However there were plenty when Ngahue landed with his stones, so he was able to get plenty of food. He used his obsidian to make wonderful jasper axes, and from the chippings he made neck and ear ornaments and small images. Then Ngahue went back to Hawaiki and told the people about the wonderful island where there was such an abun-

PLATE IX

MAORI CARVED WALL PANEL

dance of good things, and especially of jasper and of moa birds. He presented the most beautiful axes and ornaments to the chiefs, and they were so struck with their beauty and with Ngahue's account of the wonderful island, which he called Aotea, that they made up their minds to leave Hawaiki and to emigrate to Aotea.

They then felled a giant tree, tall and very straight. They cut off its fine branching top, hollowed out the hold for a canoe, and sloped off its prow and stern into their proper gracefully curved forms. All the axes which were used in felling the trees and hewing off their branches were made by Ngahue of the fine green jasper from Aotea. Many chiefs joined together and several canoes were made, one for each chief and his followers. At last the boats were ready to go to sea and were dragged from the beach.

But one chief, Tama, remembered that he had no skilful priest on his canoe, so he thought it best to cheat another chief and steal the priest from his canoe. Just as his canoe was shoved off Tama called to Ngatoro, the priest on the other canoe, "Please, Ngatoro, just come on board my canoe and say a blessing on it." Then Ngatoro came and Tama said to him, "Please, bring your wife too so that she may lay a seaweed offering for the women, while you lay an offering of fish for the men."

Ngatoro readily agreed, for this was always the custom when a canoe was launched, and he did not guess that Tama meant to carry off his wife and himself. So Ngatoro fetched his wife and they both stepped on board. That very moment Tama called to his men, "Heave up the anchors and make sail," and he thus sailed off with Ngatoro and his wife, rejoicing that he now had a wise man and a priest on board his canoe.

Up then came Ngatoro from below and said, "Shorten sail that we may go more slowly lest I miss my own canoe."

But Tama said, "Oh, that's all right. Wait a little and your canoe will follow after us." For a short time it did,

PLATE IX

MAORI CARVED WALL PANEL

dance of good things, and especially of jasper and of moa birds. He presented the most beautiful axes and ornaments to the chiefs, and they were so struck with their beauty and with Ngahue's account of the wonderful island, which he called Aotea, that they made up their minds to leave Hawaiki and to emigrate to Aotea.

They then felled a giant tree, tall and very straight. They cut off its fine branching top, hollowed out the hold for a canoe, and sloped off its prow and stern into their proper gracefully curved forms. All the axes which were used in felling the trees and hewing off their branches were made by Ngahue of the fine green jasper from Aotea. Many chiefs joined together and several canoes were made, one for each chief and his followers. At last the boats were ready to go to sea and were dragged from the beach.

But one chief, Tama, remembered that he had no skilful priest on his canoe, so he thought it best to cheat another chief and steal the priest from his canoe. Just as his canoe was shoved off Tama called to Ngatoro, the priest on the other canoe, "Please, Ngatoro, just come on board my canoe and say a blessing on it." Then Ngatoro came and Tama said to him, "Please, bring your wife too so that she may lay a seaweed offering for the women, while you lay an offering of fish for the men."

Ngatoro readily agreed, for this was always the custom when a canoe was launched, and he did not guess that Tama meant to carry off his wife and himself. So Ngatoro fetched his wife and they both stepped on board. That very moment Tama called to his men, "Heave up the anchors and make sail," and he thus sailed off with Ngatoro and his wife, rejoicing that he now had a wise man and a priest on board his canoe.

Up then came Ngatoro from below and said, "Shorten sail that we may go more slowly lest I miss my own canoe."

But Tama said, "Oh, that's all right. Wait a little and your canoe will follow after us." For a short time it did,

but soon darkness set in and each canoe went on its own course.

In the meantime Tama's scudded far out on the ocean, and Ngatoro thought to himself, "How quickly this canoe covers the water. I must go up to see if I can get a glimpse of the land and see how far we have travelled from it." When he realised the trick that Tama had played on him he said, "Now I will have my revenge."

So he stood forth and said charms and incantations till the sky became overcast with clouds, wild winds arose and the ship rapidly made towards a dreadful whirlpool. The crew were at their wits' end, and the waves swallowed the prow of the vessel in spite of the efforts of the crew to bale out the water. Then they forgot all their skill as seamen and became frantic with terror. "Oh, Ngatoro, Ngatoro, we are fast settling down under the waves," cried they. "The wooden pillow of your wife has already fallen from under her head." Ngatoro sat and listened to their cries of distress but answered never a word. Then up sprang Tama in despair, "Ngatoro, Ngatoro, help us!" cried he. But Ngatoro sat there and answered never a word. He just listened to their cries and to the sound of the goods rolling from the deck and splashing into the ocean. For the first canoes that left Hawaiki carried sweet potatoes and fish and the gods of the sweet potatoes and fish. They left behind them in Hawaiki the gods of mortals, but they carried in their memory prayers and incantations for these things. Priests and chiefs and sacred women kept secret in their minds and handed on to one another by word of mouth these sacred stories and prayers.

At last some of the crew could only hold on to the vessel by clinging with all their might. Then the shrieks and cries of the men and the weeping of the women and children moved the heart of Ngatoro with pity.

Up stood that mighty man again, and by his incantations cleared the heavens of clouds, stilled the stormy winds and drew the vessel back from the whirlpool. Lo! the canoe and

its crew were saved. But although the boat thus floated safely out again, the provisions were nearly all lost, and everyone went short of food till they reached Aotea.

As they drew near the island, they saw with surprise that the coast was dotted with trees bearing gorgeous red blossoms, the vivid colour of which was reflected from the still water in the bay. "See," cried one of the chiefs, "red ornaments for the head are more plentiful here than in Hawaiki!" So he and the others threw away their red head ornaments. But when they landed and began to explore the island they found that the shining scarlet on land and sea was only blossom and its reflection. When they tried to pluck the flowers the petals scattered everywhere, so they had no red ornaments after all. As soon as ever they landed, the women set to work to plant sweet potatoes, and these are to be found growing there to this day.

Some of the wearied crew, wandering idly on the beach, found the carcase of a large sperm whale stranded there. Soon a quarrel sprang up as to which canoe party had first found the whale, and some of Tama's party went back to their canoes and sailed off farther north-west. When they landed they were surprised to see flocks of sea-gulls and oyster catchers passing overhead. Following in the direction from which the birds came, they soon found a great sheet of salt water, so they determined to drag their canoes over the land and set sail on the new sheet of water they had discovered.

But when they tried to drag the first canoe over the isthmus it could not be moved. They hauled away at it in vain. They excited themselves with cries and cheers and hauled again and again, but could not make it stir. And no wonder, for one of the wives of the chiefs was unwilling that the tired crews should go farther, so by her enchantments she fixed it so firmly that no human strength could move it. However, another wife more learned in magic was distressed to see the vain efforts of the weary men and put forth an incantation of wondrous strength. At once the canoe glided

easily over the carefully laid skids, and it was soon floating on the harbour.

Now while the chiefs and their men were exploring the new land, they had found their canoes were drawn up on the beach. Tama's canoe was lying on the river bank thatched over with reeds and dried branches and leaves. It happened that there came a time when food was very plentiful and the men were scattered about in small parties fishing and trapping birds. No one was guarding Tama's canoe. Up came one of his enemies from another crew, found the boat deserted and set fire to it. At night as it burnt and the bright red glare was reflected in the sky the people said, "That must be Tama's canoe which is burning. It must have been accidentally set on fire by one of our friends." The next day they went to see what had happened, and found that it was an enemy's deed, for nothing at all was left but ashes. They began to discuss how they should be revenged. But some were for peace and said, "Remember that our great ancestor once said—'Do not follow after the deeds of the god of war, for if you do you will perish, but rather follow quiet, useful occupations and then you will die tranquilly a natural death. Conduct yourselves like men: let there be no quarrelling amongst you, but live at peace and build up a great people: depart in peace to explore new homes for yourselves.' "

But, alas! the people from Hawaiki brought war and quarrelling into New Zealand. For Tama's people could not keep their minds from dwelling on the burning of the canoe. Impatient thoughts kept rising and every feeling in them urged them to revenge. Thus began the wars which brought ruin to the people who had started out together to explore new lands and to settle in Aotea.

THE PRINCE OF THE REED PLAINS, AND THE ANIMALS WHO HELPED HIM

A Japanese Story

There were once eighty princes who all fell in love through the reports of the beauty of a princess who lived in Inaba. They set out together to find her, and they took with them as their servant the Prince of the Reed Plains. On his back they placed all their burdens.

They came to Cape Keta by the seashore and saw a poor hare lying there, stripped of every bit of its fur. The hare was weeping and moaning. It begged them to tell it how to make its fur grow again. Then the eighty princes mocking the hare said, "What thou shouldst do is to bathe in the water of the sea, and then lie on the slope of a high mountain across which the wind is blowing."

The unfortunate hare listened to them and followed their instructions and lay down. Alas! as the sea water dried, the skin of its body all split with the blowing of the wind, and the salt smarted in the cracks so that the poor animal wept with the pain. But the Prince of the Reed Plains came last of all and saw the hare and said, "Why liest thou here weeping?"

The hare replied, "I was on the island of Oki and wished to cross over to this land, but could not swim. So I deceived the crocodiles of the sea and said, 'Let us have a competition and see whether there are more hares or more crocodiles in the world. You go and fetch every crocodile in the world and make them all lie in a row across from this island to Cape Keta. Then I will tread on them and count them as I run across, and we shall know then whether there are more hares or more crocodiles in the world.' Upon my saying

this to them they were deceived and lay down in a row, and I came across here treading on them and counting them as I passed. But when I was jumping off the last crocodile's back to the shore I mocked at them and said, 'You have been deceived by me, I only wanted you to make a bridge for my crossing.' Then the last crocodile caught my fur in his teeth and stripped it all off. And as I lay weeping and lamenting, the eighty princes told me to bathe in the sea water and lie in the wind, and, alas! now all my body is hurt."

The Prince of the Reed Plains pitied the hare and said, "Go quickly now to the river mouth and wash thy body with fresh water there. Then take the pollen from the sedges growing by the river mouth, spread it about and roll upon it. Then will thy body be covered again with fur."

The hare did as the Prince of the Reed Plains told it, and its body became once more covered with fur. The grateful hare said to the Prince, "Those other princes certainly shall not win the Princess. Though thou art attendant and bearest the bag, yet shalt thou marry her."

In the meantime the eighty princes were wooing the Princess. But she answered them, "I will not listen to your words, for I am going to marry the Prince of the Reed Plains." This enraged the eighty princes so much that they set off to find him and kill him, and killed he certainly would have been if the cockleshell and the clam had not helped him to escape.

He went on and came to the far-off land and set out towards the King's palace. Before he reached it, the Princess met him and loved him and married him secretly. Then she said to the King, her father, "A very beautiful prince has come to our land." The King hereupon went forth to look at the Prince, but as soon as he saw him he exclaimed, "Why! this is only the ugly Prince of the Reed Plains." And he at once caused the poor Prince to be seized and put in the Snake House for the night. It would have fared ill with the Prince of the Reed Plains if his newly won wife had not managed to give him a magic scarf, saying, "When the

snakes are about to bite thee, drive them away by waving this scarf thrice at them."

The Prince did as she bade him, and after the third wave of the magic scarf the snakes became quiet. The Prince then slept calmly among them and came forth much refreshed next morning. Next night the King ordered the Prince to be thrust into a chamber full of centipedes and wasps. But as the Princess again gave him a magic scarf, the Prince again slept calmly and came forth next morning much refreshed.

Then the King was terribly enraged against the Prince and determined to slay him. He shot an arrow far into the midst of a moor and ordered the Prince to fetch it. As soon as the Prince had got some way across the moor, the King set fire to it so that there seemed no way of escape for the Prince this time. Just as he stood gazing hopelessly on the circle of flames around him a mouse came, and showing him a certain spot on the moor said, "The inside is hollow, hollow. The outside is narrow, narrow."

The Prince put his foot on the spot which opened. Then he fell into it and hid himself in the narrow underground shelter till the fire had burnt past. As he came out upon the moor once more the mouse came up to him bringing the arrow in its mouth. The tiny children of the mouse followed after, each bearing a feather from the shaft in its mouth.

Meanwhile the poor wife of the Prince was mourning and making preparations for his funeral, and her father was rejoicing that the ugly Prince of the Reed Plains was dead at last. Hereupon up walked the Prince bearing the arrow in his hand. Then the King took the Prince into his house, and while he was thinking of another task to set him, the King fell fast asleep. His son-in-law gently, and without waking him, tied the locks of the King's hair to different rafters in the door and the ceiling. He took the King's great sword, his bow and arrows, his magic lute. Then he and the Princess slipped quietly out and blocked the door with a

mighty slab of rock. Hastily the Prince took the Princess on his back and began to run away as swiftly as he could, hoping to escape before the King awoke.

But as he ran the magic lute caught against a tree and gave such a resounding note that the King started up from his slumbers. So tightly, however, were his locks tied to the rafters that the house was pulled about his ears before he could free them. This gave the Prince and Princess time to reach the Pass, the Even Pass between the Far Distant Land and the Prince's own home-land.

Then the King could not help admiring the courage and skill of the Prince of the Reed Plains and half loved him. "Thou wretch! Thou hast successfully braved me. Now the great sword and the bow and arrows which thou hast carried off shall help thee. The eighty princes are crouching hidden in the valleys above the stream. Shoot at them with my magic arrows, and they shall all be swept into the reaches of the river."

The Prince of the Reed Plains did as the King told him, and the eighty princes were swept into the reaches of the river. Then he built for his wife a palace with mighty pillars of rock, and they dwelt there and ruled the land in peace.

THE LITTLE PRINCE WHO COULD NOT SPEAK AND HIS FATHER, THE EMPEROR SUI-NIN

A Japanese Story, First and Second Century A.D.

The Emperor Sui-Nin and his wife, the Empress Saho-Bimé, had lived happily together for some time, and were very fond of one another. But one day Saho-Bimé's elder brother, whom she also loved very dearly, appeared before her in a state of great anger against her husband, the Emperor Sui-Nin. After some words had been exchanged between them the brother said to the sister, "Which is dearer to thee, thine elder brother or thy husband?" She answered, "Of course thou art dearer to me, oh, brother of mine!"

Then the wicked brother began to try to persuade the Empress to help him to get rid of the Emperor Sui-Nin so that he might reign in his stead. The Empress was very much troubled, for she loved both her brother and her husband and she did not know whatever to do. For if she told her husband of her brother's plot, the brother would be put to death as a traitor, and if she did not tell, her husband would be murdered. So that night when the Emperor slept, the Empress looked down upon him and her trouble and distress were so great that she could not keep back her tears. They fell in a swift shower upon her sleeping husband's face. The Emperor awoke at once and said to his wife, "I've had the strangest dream. I thought a snake wound itself round my neck, but was washed away by a sudden shower. Whatever can the dream mean?"

Then Saho-Bimé sobbed aloud and told her story, saying, "My elder brother asked me, which is dearer to you, your husband or your brother whom you have known all your life?

When I answered, 'Of course you, my elder brother, are dearer to me,' he tried to persuade me to help him to kill you so that he might have the throne." The Emperor was horrified at the thought of the cruelty and treachery of his wife's brother and determined to get together an army to punish him. But he still loved his wife and her little son very dearly and did not blame her at all. However, when Saho-Bimé thought of her brother's death she became much troubled for him and slipped out of the palace to go to him, hoping to help him to escape.

The Emperor Sui-Nin still loved her, perhaps he loved her even more when he understood that she could not bear either her husband or her brother to die. At any rate he said, "Although I hate and loathe her elder brother, I love Saho-Bimé very dearly and cannot keep back the love I feel." The Empress sent him word that she would give up to his care their little son so that he might be brought up in his father's household. Then the Emperor chose a few men from among his bravest and best warriors and said to them, "When the Empress brings the baby to you, try to seize her and bring her back to me." But the Empress guessed what would happen, so she shaved her head and put on a wig. She wound rotten jewel strings around her arms and put garments that had been soaked in fermented rice liquor and so were as rotten as the jewel strings.

When she had completed all these preparations, she took her baby son in her arms, and many were the kisses she gave him and the tears that fell upon him before she could bring herself to go to the gate to hand him over to her husband's messengers. As soon as they reached her, one of the soldiers took the baby very gently, whilst others tried to seize the mother. One caught her by the hair, but as it was only a wig, it came off in his hands. Another seized her arms, but the rotten jewel strings broke and she pulled her arms free easily. A third seized her garments, but as they too were rotten, the pieces came off in his hand. Thus the Empress escaped and the Emperor only recovered his little son. So

angry was he and so full of grief at the loss of his beloved queen that he punished everyone who had helped Saho-Bimé to escape.

Saho-Bimé sent a message to the Emperor asking him to forget her and to marry someone else. She also asked him to call their little son Prince Homu-chi-waké, and to see that he was carefully and lovingly brought up by kind nurses. Shortly afterwards a fierce battle was fought between the Emperor's army and that of his wife's brother. The Emperor was victorious, but, alas! his victory brought him much grief, for Saho-Bimé died as well as her brother.

All the Emperor Sui-Nin's love was now bestowed upon the little Prince Homu-chi-waké. However, the little Prince also brought great trouble on his father, for he was quite dumb, and was very slow of understanding. The years passed and Homu-chi-waké grew into a fine tall youth without ever speaking a word or even uttering a sound. But one day he saw a queer kind of small swan that is only found in some parts of Japan, and he was so much interested in its quaint way of flying that he uttered a sound for the first time in his life. The Emperor was delighted and ordered servants to catch the bird and bring it to the palace, thinking that Homu-chi-waké would perhaps try to talk if he saw it. Alas! when it was brought in the Prince hardly glanced at it and continued to be as silent as usual.

That night the Emperor grieved long about his son's misfortune. When sleep at last crept over him, he thought he heard a voice saying, "My temple is not so beautiful as thy palace. Build me a temple as lovely as thy palace and thy child shall surely speak." Next morning the Emperor summoned all his wise men to find out which god it was that had appeared to him in the dream. They soon discovered that it was the Lord of Idzumo, the descendant of the Sun Goddess, who had put the curse of dumbness on the little prince because he was vexed that the Emperor had not built a fine temple for his worship.

The Emperor determined to send his son to worship at the

temple of the Lord of Idzumo, and prayed for help so that the right person might be chosen to be the Prince's teacher and companion. The person chosen was King Ake-tatsu. King Ake-tatsu called upon the Lord of Idzumo and said, "If the little Prince is to be cured by worshipping thee, give me a sign. Let the heron dwelling on the nest by the lake fall dead now." Hardly were the words spoken than the heron fluttered dying to the ground! Then Ake-tatsu asked the god for a further sign, saying, "If it be true that the Prince will be cured, let the heron come to life again." Immediately the dead bird quivered, fluttered its wings and settled upon its nest again as if nothing had happened.

Then the Emperor was completely satisfied and told King Ake-tatsu to do whatever he thought best in order to cure the unfortunate boy. So King Ake-tatsu decided to take the Prince to the land of Idzumo to worship in the temple there. He hoped that this would please the Lord of Idzumo, and that the dreadful curse would then be removed from the unhappy boy. Ake-tatsu wished to be quite sure that he started out in the best direction, for there were three gates to the city, two fine large ones and one small one. On enquiring from the gods he learnt that if they started out through either of the two fine large gates, they would be sure to meet both a lame and a blind person. Now King Ake-tatsu was clever and read the meaning of the gods, for what could be more unlucky to travellers than to meet lame and blind persons who are, of course, the most unlucky of all travellers? So, though Homu-chi-waké was the Emperor's son, he was taken quietly out by the small third gate instead of being escorted by a great procession through one of the fine city gates as was the usual Japanese custom. At last they reached the land of Idzumo and worshipped at the Great Lord's temple there. They built as a home for the Prince during his visit to Idzumo a house in the midst of a river, and it was joined to the bank of the river by a bridge made of branches of trees twisted together. These quaint and none too safe twig bridges are still made in some remote corners of Japan, and

travellers have to walk very warily lest they slip through the holes between the interlacing branches. Now Prince Homu-chí-waké was much astonished at the queer bridge and at the funny house in the midst of the river. After gazing at the unaccustomed sights for some time, he turned to King Aké-tatsu and actually began to ask him questions. Great was the delight and rejoicing among the Prince's followers, especially as he soon became quite altered in appearance and looked much more bright and attractive than in the old days before he had learnt to talk.

Messengers were sent off in great haste to tell the happy news to the anxious father. Sui-Nin's delight knew no bounds. He at once set about building a new and beautiful temple for the Lord of Idzumo and ordered joyful celebration throughout the land.

Some years later the Emperor was much pleased with the reports he heard of a strange, sweet, golden fruit that grew in the Eternal Land. He ordered a great chief Tajima-Mori to set out in search of the wondrous plant on which grew the golden fruit. After long travelling through the southern isles, Tajima-Mori reached the Eternal Land and found the tree with the golden fruit. He collected some plants, tended them carefully, and returned homewards full of joy at the thought of the Emperor Sui-Nin's pleasure when he saw the lovely fruit. Picture then his grief on learning that the Emperor was dead. Tajima-Mori planted the trees around the Emperor's grave, weeping bitterly all the time, and thus was the orange first brought to Japan.

The Emperor Sui-Nin's tomb is in the centre of the great sedge moor in the province of Yamato. He is remembered affectionately because he put an end to the cruel custom of slaying men and women when a great chief died so that they might be company for him in the next world. For he said to his chief officers, "We know that the custom of killing people to be company for a dead chief is not good. What is to be done to stop it?" Then a chief came forward and said, "I pray leave to lay a plan before my sovereign. It is certainly

not good that living men should be buried in the tomb of a prince, and this bad custom must not be handed down to our children." He had caused the clayworkers to fashion little clay images of men and horses and various things. These he now laid before the Emperor, saying, "From now henceforth let it be the custom for men to place images of clay in the tomb instead of living men and animals." Then the Emperor said, "Thy plan is truly pleasing to our heart. From now henceforth be sure to place these things of clay in tombs and let there be no more slaying of men." He then made the man who suggested the plan the chief of the clayworkers' tribe, and this was a very fine post. For from that time onwards clay images were placed in the tombs of the great folk of Japan and the old cruel custom was forgotten.

YOSHITSUNÉ

A Story from the Land of the Ainu, Twelfth Century A. D.

About eight hundred years ago a Japanese prince named Yoshitsuné was driven out of his own land by his younger brother. He settled in Yezo among the Ainu. These simple people were delighted by the many new things he taught them, and many are the stories they tell of his clever ways.

Yoshitsuné and his servant went out to sea one day and speared a monster sword fish. But though the fish was hurt, it was not killed. The harpoon which they had thrown had a line fastened to it which the two men were holding, and the sword fish swam about and jerked and nearly upset the boat. The men pulled and pulled, but the fish was stronger than they were and dragged the boat in all directions. The men's hands were blistered and sore, and at last the servant fell exhausted to the bottom of the boat, and could pull no longer. Yoshitsuné felt that he himself could not hold out much longer, so he shouted, "You wicked, wicked sword fish. I will cut the harpoon line, but the harpoon will remain sticking in your flesh. Its tip is partly iron and partly bone, and the iron and the bone shall scrape together so that you hear the noise and feel the scraping all over your body. The handle is made of wood, and a forest of that sort of wood shall spring from your back. The harpoon line is made of hemp, and a field of hemp shall grow out of you. Thus shall your body be destroyed."

The sword fish only laughed, for it thought it had decidedly got the better of Yoshitsuné when it had made him cut the line. Off it swam at a greater rate, but it did not swim for long. Everything happened just as Yoshitsuné had said.

Mighty pains seized on it as the bone and iron of the harpoon head scraped together. It was cast ashore by the waves, and plains of hemp and forests of trees sprouted from its body.

Soon after this Yoshitsuné saw a lovely Ainu goddess, with whom he fell in love. He ceased to hunt or fish, and at last ate so little that it was feared he would die. Now just about this time the goddess came forth from her dwelling and gazed at the lovely clouds heaped in the sky. They were so beautiful that the goddess felt much refreshed and returned to the house backwards, partly to catch every glimpse of the beauty, but more because it is a sign of great respect to keep one's face always turned towards any person or thing.

In the house she seated herself at her needlework and became quite absorbed in watching her needle ply in and out. A little Japanese water wagtail flew upon the window shutter and kept wagging its tail in every direction, up and down, and from right to left. First two little chirps and then three little chirps reached the ears of the goddess, and this is what she heard, "The mighty Yoshitsuné has fallen in love with you. So miserable is he because he cannot meet you that, though the best fish in the land has been placed before him, he will not eat. If he should die of grief, the soul of Ainu land would die too, for all love him." The little bird wagged its tail again and again and chirped, "Do have pity on us and keep Yoshitsuné alive." The goddess laughed softly, for as the little bird chirped she thought of a joke to play upon Yoshitsuné which would, she hoped, quite cure him of his foolish despair. She made an image of herself and caused it to be carried to Yoshitsuné's house. Dear, dear, how ill the poor man felt, for he had had nothing to eat for some time; he sat there with his head bowed on his arm and would not move. As the image was brought in, the sound roused him a little. Presently he peeped through his sleeve, and, behold, there was the goddess, as he thought, sitting at the other end of the room. He jumped up, went out and ate some food, washed himself and put on his finest garments. After this he felt happy and strong again and

hastened back to pay his respects to his much longed-for visitor. Picture his confusion when he found an image instead of the real lady of his love. However, the joke pleased him in spite of his temper, and he soon forgot both his anger and his love. He quite understood that the goddess who could play such a trick on him was not likely to love him. But he forgave her for the trick, because it had cured him of his childish folly in refusing to eat or to go on with his duties as governor of the Ainu.

The Ainu were never able to fell trees properly until Yoshitsuné played a trick on them. Some of them were trying to cut down a beautiful hard pine tree. Old and young alike hewed at it with their swords, but could make no impression on the hard trunk. Even the wisest among the old men could not suggest a plan for felling the pine. Then up came a very old man and a very old woman. In his girdle the old man bore an axe, which looked most clumsy and useless by the side of the Ainu swords, and the old woman carried a reaping hook.

As they came up the Ainu laughed at them and said, "Old man and old woman, what have you come here for?" This they said mockingly, for they thought that as the wisest Ainu could not hew down the tree it was quite certain that this old couple could do nothing. The old man bowed and said, "Only just to watch you." The Ainu did not like the mocking tone of his reply. But before they could say anything the old man smote the tree with his ugly old axe and made a deep scar in it. Then the old woman struck the tree in the same place with her reaping hook, and between them they cut through the trunk of the tree.

With a mighty crash it toppled over, making all the earth tremble. The Ainu stood around struck dumb with wonder and looked at the old man again. As they did so, he drew his body to its full height and laughed aloud. Then they knew it was no old man, but their great Yoshitsuné who had thus taught them how to fell trees.

KASIAGSAK THE TRICKSTER

An Eskimo Story from Greenland

Kasiagsak belonged to a tribe of skilful seal hunters. Their huts were near the sea and the river mouth, and they got all their food and clothing from the seals, walruses and whales they caught. For it was quite impossible to grow crops or keep sheep or cattle in their frozen, icy home. Each of these hunters had a kayak, which was a small boat just big enough for one, shaped like a shuttle, and so covered with skins that the seal hunter could shelter under them, only leaving a hole from which he could watch for prey.

Kasiagsak was not lucky at all; each evening he returned without having caught any animal. His wife used to get very nervous and worried while he was out hunting, and would run in and out watching for his return in the hope that for once he had caught something, but she was generally disappointed.

One day when he was out in his kayak he observed a black spot on a piece of ice. Cautiously he drew near and saw a pretty little baby seal. His first thought was to harpoon it, but then he said to himself, "Poor little thing! It seems almost a pity to kill it with a sharp harpoon. Perhaps if I go quite close to it I can catch it with my hands." He had spoken aloud, and the little seal took alarm at the sound of his voice and was by no means slow to slip off the ice and dive under the water. It came up quite close to the point of the kayak and Kasiagsak shouted with excitement, so of course the seal again dived. It kept on diving up and down quite close to him until at last he made up his mind to chase and harpoon it. But somehow or other the seal always disappeared from sight altogether. Kasiagsak shouted after it,

"You silly thing. Wait till next time, that's all." And once more he returned empty-handed to his wife.

Another day he went seaward in bright fine weather, but looking backwards towards the land saw that one of the other kayakers had harpooned a seal and the rest were hurrying to help him kill and land it. Not so Kasiagsak, he just stayed where he was and watched. Presently the man who had harpooned the seal tugged it ashore, tied it to a rock on the beach and set off in pursuit of other prey. Kasiagsak then took his kayak back to the beach by a roundabout way and made off with the other man's seal. The towing-line by which its owner had fastened it to the rock was an exceedingly well-made one, decorated with walrus teeth, and was a great prize. The thief soon came near home, and his wife, who poor soul, had been as usual wandering about anxiously, called out, "There is a kayak." At once the others came running out and shaded their eyes to watch who was the lucky kayaker. Kasiagsak's wife exclaimed, "Oh, it is my husband, and he moves his arms like one tugging a catch! Well, at last it will be my turn to share things with you, and I hope there will be a nice piece of blubber for all of you." As soon as he landed, she asked him, "Wherever did you get this beautiful tugging line?" "Oh," replied he quite coolly, "I have had it in the store a long time, but only took it out to-day because I thought I should be lucky." His wife was quite delighted and began to think her husband very clever. She started carving and cleaning the seal at once, putting aside the head, the back, the skin and the blubber, and planning to make a great feast for herself and the neighbours with the rest. She was so pleased and excited that she told all the other men and women of her husband's success.

Alas! as they sat down to supper a boy came in saying, "I have been sent to ask for the towing-line. As to the seal, that is no matter." His poor wife turned to him and said, "Oh, Kasiagsak, did you tell me an untruth?" Kasiagsak's only answer was a loud whistle. Then she said, "Surely you

are ashamed of your wicked conduct?" But he only kept on whistling and would not answer her.

Another day, as he was rowing about in his kayak, he chanced to notice a black spot on a piece of ice, but on drawing near found that it was only a stone. He glanced round at the other kayakers and then suddenly pretended to be rowing hard towards a seal, raising his harpoon as if to hurl it. Then he hid himself behind a part of the ice, managed to climb up on to it, and rolled the stone into the sea with a sounding splash, making much froth and foam. Then he slipped back into his kayak, roaring aloud for help.

Up came the other kayakers, and seeing that his harpoon line and hurling bladder were gone, they believed him when he said, "A walrus has just gone down with my harpoon. Do help me to catch sight of him again." Then Kasiagsak hurried home in his kayak and told his wife that in lancing a walrus he had lost his hunting line and bladder. His wife ran into the house in such excitement that she broke the handle of her knife. "Never mind," said she, "I can now have a new one of walrus tooth and a new hook for my kettle." In the evening Kasiagsak sat as far back on the ledge as possible, so that only his heels were to be seen. For in these huts there are no chairs or beds, only a very wide ledge on which people sit in the day and sleep at night. Presently in came the remaining hunters, and one of them brought in his hand a harpoon line and a bladder. Turning to Kasiagsak he said, "This, I think, is yours. It must have been tied round some stone and have slipped off." His wife began to reproach him and to weep bitterly, but he only said, "I wanted to play you all a trick." Then he whistled and whistled and would not listen to anything else she said.

Another day in summer, when he was kayaking along the coast, he noticed some loose pieces of ice on a sandy beach. He landed, filled his kayak with broken ice, waded into the sea, dragged his kayak on to the beach and hammered it all over with stones. Then he stuffed his coat with ice and returned homewards shrieking aloud and crying. The peo-

ple rushed out to see what had happened, and he said, "Ah, me! ah, me! a big iceberg toppled over on to my kayak and I was nearly killed." His wife ran to find dry clothes for him, and the others went to help him. At last they got him on shore while large bits of ice tumbled from his clothes all the time and he groaned and cried as if in severe pain.

But it happened that two women who were gathering wild berries had watched his doings all the time. They now came up and exclaimed, "But we saw this man down below the cliffs stuffing his clothes with ice and hammering his kayak with stones." Then his wife knew he had been playing tricks again and began to reproach him. But he only whistled and whistled and would not listen to anything she said.

Another day Kasiagsak went to pay a visit to his father-in-law. Now the huts of these people are warmed by lamps kept burning with oil and fat from the animals they catch, for of course they have no coal. As soon as Kasiagsak entered his father-in-law's hut, he knew that something was wrong, for the lamps were not burning. "Dear me," he exclaimed, "whatever's the matter that your lamps are not burning? And is this dog's flesh that you are eating?" "Alas!" replied the man, pointing to his little son, "he was very hungry, poor child! We had nothing else to eat, so we killed the dog and gave it to him." Kasiagsak said boastingly, "That's not the case in our village. My arms are quite sore with the skinning and cutting up of the heaps of seals and walruses we have caught." Next day, as he was wishing them good-bye, he said to his little brother-in-law, "Cheer up. You had better come home with me and share my plentiful food." When they reached home, Kasiagsak took some bits of frizzled blubber from his wife's lamp to use as a bait and made a trap in which he caught a raven. This his wife skinned and boiled, but it was very little for three people, and it would have fared ill with the little brother-in-law if the rest of the hunters had not taken pity on him and his family and sent him home loaded with presents of food.

Another day he chanced to be in a neighbouring village and entered a hut where the people were mourning for their little daughter. Kasiagsak said that he had named his own little daughter after theirs and he wept with them. The parents were so touched by his sympathy that they gave him many gifts for his little daughter—pretty beads, seal's paws, bone plates and such things. Then one of the men asked him if he would tell the people in his village that he wanted to exchange a cooking pot for a new kayak. "Oh," said Kasiagsak, "I have a new kayak and will give it gladly in exchange for the pot!" Then he set off for home with the pot and the presents in his kayak. Arrived at home he told his wife that there must have been a wreck, as he had found these things on a floating piece of ice.

His poor wife thought she was at last in luck's way. She gladly threw away her cracked old cooking pot and the shoulder blades which she had had to use instead of plates. Then she set to work to sew the beads on her shabby old coat. In that cold land men and women alike wear coat and trousers. The hood of the coat comes up over their head and covers their ears and most of their face. Their feet and legs are protected by carefully made fur-lined boots and their hands are covered by mittens. They like to have their coats decorated with beads, but Kasiagsak's wife had never possessed any before. So as soon as she had sewn them on, she walked about the village making them rattle and showing them off to the neighbours. Her pride was but short-lived, for next day a number of kayakers came calling for Kasiagsak. He immediately sat as far back on the ledge as possible, so that only his heels showed. They asked his wife about her little daughter. "We have no little daughter," said she, and began to weep, for she guessed that Kasiagsak had been at his tricks again. "Where is the new kayak he promised me?" said they. "He has no new kayak," replied she, weeping.

Then the strangers took back the cooking pot and the plates, and cut the beads off the wife's coat, so that she looked

even shabbier than before. When they were gone she said, "Oh, Kasiagsak, why do you play these dreadful tricks?" But he only whistled and whistled and would not answer her.

However, an end came to his tricks, for one day he went too far. He found a tiny bit of whale skin floating on the water. Bringing it home he said to the other kayakers, "I have found the carcase of a whale. Follow me and I will show it to you." So instead of going out in their separate little kayaks they got out the big boat and started. After a long time, when nothing was in sight, they asked him, "Where is it?" "Oh, we shall soon come to it," said he. This went on for some time. At last the men realised that he had made the whole hunting party waste a precious day of search for food as a trick. This was too much even for their patience, so they drowned him then and there, and that was an end of his tricks.

HOW THE WOLF BECAME A SLEDGE DOG

An Eskimo Story

An old seal hunter had a son and two daughters. The son became such a fine hunter that he was able to provide for the whole family. He could outrun any animal on land in winter, and in summer he was the cleverest of all the kayakers. Often when he went hunting his elder sister started out with him and wandered along the shore setting traps for small birds, a task at which she was very clever.

Once in winter, when the sea was quite frozen over, they went off to the outermost islets. There the brother saw a fox and chased it. After a long hunt among the islets he caught it and returned to look for his sister. But though he called and searched he could find no trace of her, and at last had to return to the hut without her. He had, however, noticed traces of a sledge drawn by animals. This made him begin to wonder whether it would be possible to use the speed and strength of the wild animals he hunted to help him to get quickly over the ground.

At night he was silent and thoughtful, and after a long time he said that he should like to have a sledge of his own. The father agreed, and they soon made one, but of course the father expected that either his son or himself would have to draw it along. For some mornings after this the son set out by himself and returned at nightfall without bringing any game home with him. One day he begged his father to give him some cords, saying that he wanted them for fetching home an animal to draw his sledge for him.

His father only laughed at him, but still he gave him the cords, and the son was missing for some days. At last a strange noise was heard in the evening, and the little sister

PLATE X

A Tree-River Eskimo Harnessing his Dog (Alaska)

ran outside to see what was happening. But she was back in the hut in no time crying, "Oh, father, father! what dreadful monster has my brother brought home with him?" The father said to him, "What is this about a strange beast you have brought home?" "Oh," answered the boy, "it is only a baby bear that I have caught to drag my sledge for me. Let us make some harness for it and see if we can teach it."

For many days the boy spent his time in coaxing the baby bear to run along and drag the sledge after it. Soon it became quite docile, and the boy was able to drive it about the district quite easily.

Then the youth once more disappeared for a few days. Late one evening he arrived home too tired to say a word. But early next morning he was off with cords, and did not come back for some days. Then, again, there were horrid noises outside the hut, and the little sister ran in in a great state of terror, saying that her brother had brought home a most alarming creature. "Oh," said the youth, "it's only a baby wolf. I have caught it to match the bear, and now my sledge will be drawn across the ice most speedily."

Then he again spent all his time coaxing the baby wolf to drag his sledge for him. But the real trouble came when they tried to harness the wolf and the bear together to the sledge. For, instead of running along, they snarled and fought with one another. The clever boy, however, managed to fasten them so that they could not easily reach one another, and then by a good deal of patient coaxing he got them to pull together. But the sledge did not run very smoothly, for the animals were of different size and speed.

He set off again, caught another baby wolf, and soon had a sledge drawn by two wolves, with the bear in the middle. Of course at first there was often terrible trouble and much snarling and quarrelling between the three animals. But soon, partly by coaxing and petting, partly by always giving them the special food they liked, and partly by the use of the whip, the youth had all three well trained.

When winter came and the sea was frozen over, he made

himself a new sledge of very hard wood, with many tough knots in it, and told his father that he was going to try to find his elder sister, for he loved her dearly and had been grieved to be parted from her.

His parents tried very hard to persuade him not to leave them, saying, "It does not matter about your sister, who has been lost to us for so long. But it would be really dreadful for us to lose you, since you are our only provider. Oh, do stay at home with us." But the youth answered, "I shall certainly never rest till I have found her, and now I have got clever animals to draw my sledge for me, I shall soon be home again. We get over the ground so very quickly. Pray do not try to stop me." His parents then said the ice would not bear him, and that a cleft would open in it and swallow the sledge. But the more they said, the more determined was he to go to search for his beloved sister.

He started from the spot where he had seen the sledge marks on the day he lost her, and went northwards till he reached the frozen sea. This he crossed, but on the way the bear grew so tired that he had to take it into the sledge, while the wolves ran tirelessly forward even with the added weight of the bear. Their effortless steady gait soon drew the sledge over the sea to the northern shores beyond. Here the brother fastened his sledge and his animals to an iceberg and went forward to search for any sign of his lost sister.

He had not gone far before he came to a number of huts, and in one of them he found his sister sitting on the ledge with a baby on her knee. Oh, how happy they were to see one another again! He sat down beside her, and she told him that on the day when he left her to chase the fox, a sledge drawn by reindeer had happened to pass. The men in it snatched her up and carried her off to their northern home. At first she had been very miserable and homesick, but her husband was very kind to her, and she soon grew to love him and was quite happy in her new home.

The brother told how eagerly he had searched for her, and told, too, of how he had tamed wild wolves and trained them

to draw his sledge so that he might search far and wide for her. He felt that he was indeed lucky to be with her again.

Presently in came the husband, who soon made friends with the guest, and all were very happy together. They tried to persuade the brother to stay with them, but he said he must go to care for his animals. He, in his turn, tried to persuade his sister and her husband to pay a visit to his home. This they would not do, but they gave him a tiny garment of the baby's to take home to his mother as a love token from her elder daughter. The youth then went back to his sledge and drove home again to the south. The bear soon got tired and had to be taken into the sledge beside him again, but the wolves drew him swiftly across the frozen sea and land till he reached his parents' home.

Great was their joy on seeing their dear son again, and on hearing that their elder daughter was so happily married. The mother wept happy tears when she saw her little grandchild's garment, and the little sister, who was of a merry nature, danced and sang. Afterwards other youths learned to catch baby wolves and train them to draw their sledges, but no one bothered to catch and train baby bears because they knew how soon they grew tired.

AN ESKIMO FAIRY TALE

THREE brothers once set out hunting on the frozen sea towards the end of winter, and with them went a friend of theirs. Quite suddenly a storm from the south-east sprang up, the ice cracked beneath their feet, and only with the greatest difficulty did they manage to cling to an iceberg. However, they climbed on to it and were soon drifting out on the great ocean, whose icy cover was rapidly breaking up and melting.

When they were almost at the point of death from hunger, the iceberg fortunately drifted on to an unknown shore. They slipped from the ice on to the land and slowly and painfully began to search for food or companions who could give it to them. They soon saw a tiny hut with only one window. The eldest brother said, "I will enter first, and then if they are enemies I shall be the first sacrifice." He entered and found an old couple sitting on the ledge, and his three companions entered close upon his heels.

The four of them sat down on the ledge without speaking a word. The old man looked at them closely and saw how haggard and starved was their appearance. "Whence do you come?" said he. They told him that some time ago they had set off from the opposite shore to hunt seals on the frozen sea, that a sudden gale from the south-east had sprung up and had broken up the ice so that they had to cling to an iceberg, which had drifted them across.

The old man hospitably said, "Wife, people who have travelled so far must be very hungry." She fetched some blubber in a pan, put it on to boil and served it up in a wooden dish. But as they were almost fainting from hunger, the old man only allowed them to taste a little at a time, for a full meal would have been dangerous. Later on when

they were warmed and feeling better he gave them as much food as they could eat. The old man, his wife, and the son who came home in the evening all treated the four strangers very kindly, and they remained there for a very long time.

At last, however, they grew homesick and longed intensely to see their wives and children. When the old man understood this, he said he would try to help them to return. He then asked the eldest brother which animal had been given to him as a charm by his parents when he was born. "My charm was a carrion gull, one of those that seek carrion far out to sea. My two brothers also had the same charm." The old man then said, "Well, that's good. You may be sure that you will all three return safely some time to your homes." Then he asked their companion what had been given to him at birth as a charm. "A raven," answered he. "Alas!" replied the old man, "the raven always goes landward to seek its prey, so I fear that you will never see your home again."

For some days after this the old man rose at early dawn, and when the others came out much later they always saw him on the top of a small hill. Here he was making careful tests as to the state of the weather and the sea. He often said to the brothers, "When the wind goes down and the weather is settled I shall take you across to your homes." They wondered among themselves however he would do it. For there were neither boats nor kayaks to be seen, and they had drifted in such a wild storm that they did not know in which direction the iceberg had brought them from their home. Still they thought it wiser to say nothing until they saw what plan the old man had made.

One morning while they were still sleeping the old man came in crying, "Wake up. Make haste and get dressed if you really want to see your homes again." Up they jumped and dressed as quickly as ever they could and followed him down to the steep shore where they had landed so long ago. They looked eagerly round, but there was no sign of a boat. "Whatever is going to happen," thought they, for the old

man seemed strange and excited in his manner. Suddenly he cried out, "Now you just watch me carefully." Then he took a running leap, dived into the sea and came to the surface, not as an old man, but in the shape of a huge bald-headed bear.

While they stood gazing in blank astonishment the bear called to the eldest brother, "Now, then, quick! quick! if you want to reach your home. If your charm was really a gull, run and dive into the sea just as I did, and you will be changed into a carrion gull." The eldest brother hesitated a little, for he was rather frightened by all the unexpected things that were happening. But the bear called impatiently, "Very well, if you can't trust me, you will never reach your home again." Then the eldest brother took a running leap and dived into the sea. Lo! everything had happened as the bear had said, and he rose to the surface a carrion gull that skimmed on the surface of the water and settled on an iceberg just near. His two brothers followed his example and were changed into gulls and settled on the iceberg near him. The bear then turned to the man who had had the raven as his charm in infancy. "You would like to come back too," he said; "just try if it is possible." So he too took a running leap and dived into the sea and came up as a raven. But he could not skim the surface of the sea as the gulls had done, and would have been drowned had it not been for the bear who changed him back to a man, pushed him on shore, and told him to go back to the hut and bear his homesickness as best he might. So he turned slowly and sadly from the shore.

Then the bear swam to the iceberg and said to the three gulls, "Close your eyes tightly and do not open them once. I am going to push you home." They did as they were told, and soon felt their place of refuge shake beneath them and start on its journey. At last there was a jar and a grinding, for the iceberg had struck land. "Now open your eyes," said the bear. They did so and were delighted to find that they were once more back in their native land. The bear

told them to plunge into the sea so that they might be changed back from gulls to men, and this they successfully did. Then they begged the bear to come to their home so that they might load him with presents to show their gratitude for all his kindness. "No, no," said he; "I don't care for being paid in that way. I am glad I was able to do you a good turn. All I ask of you in exchange is that when in winter time you chance to see a bear with a bald head you shall feed him. If your companions try to hunt him, it will be your duty to stop them." Having said this he plunged into the sea and was lost to sight.

The brothers went to their homes, and great was the rejoicing of their friends and relatives at seeing them safe and well. The friends and the relatives of the companion whose charm was a raven were much troubled to know that he had been unable to come home. Many a time did the brothers tell the story of their wonderful adventure, and great was their joy that their charm had been such a lucky one. One winter evening a great shouting arose among the men of the village. "A bear is making for the shore! A bear is making for the shore!" cried they. They ran to get their weapons to slay it, but the brothers interfered, saying, "Just wait a little. We must see if it is the friendly bear that helped us."

They soon saw that it was, and said to the others, "We should never have seen our homes again without his aid. Let us make haste and give him a feast instead of hunting him." When the bear came ashore, it went right up to the house of the brothers and sat down on its haunches, with its head turned towards their door.

The people put plenty of the best seal food before him and beckoned him to eat. When the meal was finished the bear lay down to sleep and the children played round him. After a while he awoke, shook himself, followed his own traces back to the beach and leapt into the sea. From that time onwards the people of the village had good luck of every sort, and were very glad that the brothers had prevented them from attacking the bear.

THE BIG DRUM

An Ikom Story from South Nigeria

Years and years ago the Ikom people had never seen the large wooden drum called Ndofu. It was made from the trunk of a hard-wood tree which was hollowed out, and had a long slit at the top. When Ndofu was beaten with two soft pieces of wood, the sound carried for great distances. This drum was sounded for dances and for calling in the people from the scattered farms when there was a meeting, or when there was danger of attack from an enemy. Besides this, the drum was used to send messages, for certain wise men could understand the beat of the drum in much the same way as our post-office clerks understand the Morse code messages.

Long, long ago, when these drums were just beginning to be known, people from Ikom and the district often disappeared unexpectedly, and were never seen or heard of again. At last it became known that one of these big drums lived in a town in the bush not far from Ikom. If anyone strayed into this town by accident, he was swallowed by the wooden drum and never heard of again. The parents of the Ikom children became much alarmed, and often warned their little ones on no account to stray into the bush lest they should take the wrong path and be swallowed by the big drum.

In those days there lived in Ikom a man and his wife who had only one daughter, named Ibanang Okpong. They loved the child dearly and took great care of her, never allowing her to go about by herself, and often telling her of the wicked wooden drum that ate people. Little Ibanang was not at all pleased to be so anxiously watched and became quite discontented. The parents arranged to go to the farm

PLATE XI

JU-JU STONE AND CARVED WOODEN PILLAR, IKOM, SOUTHERN NIGERIA

in turn, the father taking care of the little girl one day and the mother the next. Ibanang used to fetch water from the river for them and help them with the cooking. This went on for a long time, and Ibanang became more and more curious to see the farm, and more and more discontented because she was never allowed to go.

One day, when her mother had gone to the farm and she was left in her father's charge, she said to him that she was going to the river to fetch water to boil the yams. But as soon as she got outside the house she dropped the water-pot and ran off along the path which her mother always took in going to the farm. After she had gone a little distance from the town she came to a place where the path divided. She did not know which turning to take, but at last went to the right, and ran on until she came to a cripple sitting on the side of the path beneath a tree. He greeted her and offered her kola, but the little girl was in such a hurry to find her mother that she would not stop. The cripple called after her that she ought to go back, for the path did not lead to her farm, but she would not listen, and ran on. At last she was quite out of breath and had to stop and rest. Then a little wooden drum came up and spoke to her. He offered her a kola nut. Ibanang would not take it, nor would she listen when the little wooden drum advised her to run back. She said she was looking for her mother and went on again.

After this she passed drum after drum, each one bigger than the last, and each one told her to return. The naughty child would not listen, and ran on again until she came to a clearing in the bush where an enormous wooden drum was resting on the ground held up by forked sticks. Full of curiosity, for she had never seen a drum like this, Ibanang went quite close up to it. The drum then said to her, "What are you doing in my town? No one is allowed to come here, and if anyone does come, they never go back again."

The child was now really frightened and turned to run away, but the path had closed up and there was nothing but bush around them. She thought she heard singing, and just

while she was listening and looking to see where the sound could possibly come from, the big drum opened its lips wide and swallowed her. She slid down its throat and found herself in a big wooden compound along with many other people, who were singing and dancing. Ibanang found that they were all people whom the drum had swallowed, and when she asked them why they did not try to get out, they told her that they had no knives with which to cut their way through the big drum's sides. The little girl cried and was very miserable for a time, but then she saw that the other folk were dancing and singing, so she too began to dance and sing.

When Ibanang's mother came home from the farm and heard that the little girl had run out and had not come back, she guessed at once that the child had lost her way and been swallowed by the big drum. She scolded her husband as much as she dared for not looking after their child better, and then pulled her hair down and cried all night. Next day she began to borrow knives from her friends, and then spent two days in sharpening them. On the third day she told her husband that she was going to look for Ibanang, and that if she could not find her she would never return.

She started off with the knives in her cloth when no one was about and went along the path to the town of the wooden drum. She had not gone far when she met the cripple who was always in the same place from morning till night. He offered her some kola and told her that if she went along the path she would never return. The poor mother replied that she had lost her daughter and did not want to return if she could not find her. She went on and met the little wooden drum, who tried to persuade her to return, but she would not listen. After that she met drum after drum, each bigger than the last, and each tried to persuade her to return, but she would not listen. At last she reached the big drum. He asked her why she had come, and when she said she was looking for her little daughter, he just opened his lips very wide and swallowed her as he had swallowed her daughter.

She slipped down the drum's throat into the compound, saw her little daughter and ran to cuddle her. After she had petted and caressed Ibanang for some time, she told the people that she had brought them sharp knives so that they might cut their way out through the sides of the big drum. When they began to cut, the drum felt such severe pains in his inside that he made the most gruesome noises. All the little drums ran up to see whatever was the matter with him. He told them that the people whom he had swallowed were cutting their way out and begged the little drums to help him. But the little drums said they could do nothing.

Soon the men had cut the big drum so badly that he fell over dead, and they made a hole through which they could crawl out. One after another the men and animals who had been swallowed crept out into the daylight again. They all felt most grateful to Ibanang's mother and thanked her over and over again. They asked her to show them her house, so that they might always know where to find her. She was very glad to do this, and took all the people to her husband's house.

When they arrived a report was sent round the country that the big drum, the destroyer of men, was dead. The men went to the town of the big wooden drum with axes and cut it in pieces. Each man who had escaped from the inside of the drum took one of its bones and went off to his own village to make a wooden drum like the one that had swallowed him. The leg bones of the big wooden drum were kept and used to beat the drums at dances and in time of danger.

THE CLEVER TRADER

A Story fyom Nyassaland

Once upon a time there was a great famine, and a certain trader went to the forest and found some figs. These he plucked and put in his bag and went on his way. Presently he came to a man who was eating grass. "Hello!" said he, "why are you eating grass?" The other replied, "Because I can get no other food in this time of hunger." The trader said, "Here are some figs. You may eat them." The man who had been eating grass thanked him and ate the figs.

When he had finished the other said, "Alas! alas! Give me my figs!" The man who had eaten them was angry and said, "Why did you give them to me?" They argued for some time, one saying that no hungry man could refuse food that was offered to him, and the other merely saying over and over again, "Alas! alas! Give me my figs." So at last the man who had eaten the figs gave the trader his fishing net in exchange for them.

The man went on his way carrying the net, and presently he came upon some people trying to catch fish with their hands. He called out to them, "Why are you trying to catch fish with your hands?" They answered, "We have no net, and the fish keep escaping." "Try my net," said he. They tried it and soon caught great numbers of fish. Then the trader said, "Give me my net. The man who was eating grass gave me my net because he had eaten my figs. Give me my net! Give me my net."

Instead of giving him the net, they gave him some fish. The man went on his way carrying the fish and presently came upon a village. The people in the village were wasting their porridge because they had nothing to eat with it as

a relish. The trader said to them, "Why are you wasting your porridge?" They replied, "Because we have no relish to eat with it." "Eat some of my fish," said he. They thanked him and ate it. As soon as they had finished, "Alas! alas!" exclaimed he, "give me back my fish, the fish which the men gave me because they had used my net, the net which the man who was eating grass gave me because he had eaten my figs. Give me my fish! Give me my fish!" They brought him some millet in place of the fish.

The man went on his way carrying the millet. Presently he came upon men who were eating white ants. "Why are you eating white ants?" asked the trader. "They are our food," replied they. "No, no!" said he, "this is proper food," and he gave them his millet. They thanked him and ate it. When they had finished eating, "Alas! alas!" exclaimed he, "give me my millet, the millet which was given me instead of my fish, the fish which the men gave me because they used my net, the net which the man who was eating grass gave me because he had eaten my figs. Give me my millet! Give me my millet!" They gave him the wing feathers of the guinea-fowl in exchange for his millet.

The man went on his way carrying the wing feathers of the guinea-fowl. Presently he came upon some men who were decorated with the leaves of the maize plant. They begged him to give them his guinea-fowl feathers so that they might deck themselves out with them. When they had finished putting on the feathers, he exclaimed, "Alas! alas! Give me my feathers, the feathers which were given to me by those who ate my millet, the millet which was given to me instead of my fish, the fish which the men gave me because they had used my net, the net which the man who was eating grass gave me because he had eaten my figs. Give me my feathers! Give me my feathers!" They gave him a goat in exchange for the feathers.

The man went on his way leading the goat. Presently he came upon a village and asked if he could sleep in it. The people agreed and showed him a hut. "Where shall my

goat sleep?" said he. "In the goat fold with the goats of the the village," replied they. During the night the trader went to the fold and killed his goat. When morning came and the people of the village arose, they found that his goat was dead. The trader said, "Give me my goat! Your animals have killed it. Give me my goat! Give me my goat!" They gave him a bullock in exchange for his goat.

The man went on his way leading the bullock. Presently he killed the bullock and cut off its tail. Then he planted the tail in some swampy ground and cried out at the top of his voice, "Oh! Help me! Oh! Help me! My bullock is stuck in the mud." The people from the village came hurrying, seized the tail, and pulled with all their might. The tail broke off in their hands, and though they tried hard, they could not, of course, find the body of the bullock. Then the trader waxed very angry and exclaimed, "My bullock! my bullock! Give me my bullock! You have pulled off its tail." He continued to cry out and exclaim, "Give me my bullock! You have pulled off its tail. Give me my bullock!" Then the people gave him forty cattle to quiet him. The clever trader returned home with forty cattle in place of a few figs.

A SERBIAN STORY

ONCE upon a time there lived three brothers who had no property except one pear tree. This they watched most carefully, one staying to guard it while the other two went out to their work. One day an angel came to see how these brothers were living and to offer them better food if they were really poor. The angel came down to earth and took the form of a beggar. He saw one of the brothers watching the pear tree, and asked him for a pear. The brother pitied him and plucked some of the pears, saying, "Here, take these from my share of the fruit. I cannot give you any of those which belong to my brothers." The angel thanked the man and went away.

Next morning the second brother stayed to guard the pear tree, and the angel came again and asked for a pear. The man took some of the pears and gave them to the angel, saying, "Take these from my pears, but from the pears of my brothers I dare not give you." The third day the youngest brother stayed at home to watch the pear tree, and the angel asked the same gift and received the same reply as from the two elder brothers. The angel then changed himself into a monk and came very early so that he found all three brothers at home. He said to them, "Come with me. I will give you better food than you are now having."

The three brothers followed him without saying a word. At last they came to a large torrent where the water came roaring in many streams. The angel said to the eldest brother, "What would you like?" The man answered, "I should like all this water to be changed into wine, and to belong to me." The angel made the sign of the cross in the air with his stick and in a moment wine was flowing instead

of water. Soon heaps of barrels were being made on the banks of the river, and a village sprang up where men were busily working at the wine industry. "There," said the angel, "all that you wished for now belongs to you." He then continued his journey with the two other brothers.

Presently they came to a field in which a great flock of doves had settled. The angel asked the second brother, "What would you like?" "I should like all these to be sheep and to belong to me!" replied he. The angel again made the sign of the cross in the air with his stick, and instantly sheep were there instead of doves. There were dairies soon, and women milking the sheep. Some were pouring out the milk, and others were collecting the cream; some were making cheese, others churning butter. Meat was being sold, and joints being cut up and weighed. Then the angel said to the second brother, "Here is what you wished for! Now live!"

The angel and the youngest brother then walked on together. At last the angel said, "And what would you like?" The youngest brother said, "I only ask that I may have a wife from a family where all the members are and always have been Christians." "That," said the angel, "is a most difficult wish to satisfy. There is only one such maiden in all this land, and she is a king's daughter. There were two others, but they are already married." They journeyed on till they came to the city where this king lived. When they entered the palace they found that two kings were already there, and their gifts lay upon the table. The angel and the youngest brother placed their gifts beside those of the two kings.

The father of the princess said to those around him, "The presents these people have brought are mere beggars' gifts beside those of the other two. What shall we do now?" The angel said, "I will tell you what to do. Let the matter be decided in this way. The maid shall take three vines and plant them in the garden, one for each of the three wooers. The man on whose vine grapes are found next day shall

marry the girl." All agreed to this, and the maid planted three vines in the garden, one for each wooer. Next morning, when they went to look at the vines, the only one which had borne grapes was that of the youngest brother. The King had given his word and could not help himself, so he was obliged to give his daughter to the youngest brother. After the wedding they went to live in the forest for a year.

At the end of that time the angel came down to earth again in the likeness of a beggar. He went first to the brother who had become a successful wine merchant. The beggar asked for a cup of wine, but the man refused, saying, "If I were to give a cup to every beggar who asks I should have none for myself." When the angel heard this he made the sign of the cross in the air, and the torrent once more ran water instead of wine. The angel then said, "That was not good for thee. Go back under the pear tree and guard it."

After that the angel went to the brother who had become a prosperous sheep farmer. He begged for a morsel of cheese, but the man said, "If I were to give everyone a little bit of cheese, what would be left for myself?" When the angel heard this, he made the sign of the cross in the air, and the sheep were changed back into doves and flew away. "That was not good for thee. Go back under the pear tree and guard it," said he.

At last the angel went to see how the youngest brother was living. He found him dwelling with his wife in a humble hut in the forest. He begged to be allowed to sleep there that night, and they received him with great willingness, while regretting that they had not much to give the stranger. "We are only poor people," said they. The angel said, "Do not speak about that. I am quite content with what you have for yourselves." The poor folk had not even corn for flour. They used the bark of trees ground up. The wife now baked some of this bark flour and made it into bread. Picture her delight when, on turning to the table, she saw there a loaf of real bread made from wheat flour instead of the bark flour bread. They thanked God that they now had

proper food for their guest. The angel then made the sign of the cross over the hut, and it was changed into a palace with abundance of every good thing within it.

SULTAN SULIMAN AND SAVE THE PATRIARCH

A Balkan Story

Sultan Suliman called to his Chief Minister, "Oh, my trusty servant! How can we make all the land Moslem so that our people no longer belong to different religions? If all were of one religion there would be no more fighting in the land." The Chief Minister replied, "Thou canst not, oh, Sultan! make all the land Moslem, for the people would not listen to thee. But write a letter to Old Save, the Christian Patriarch in Jerusalem. Bid him to come to Stamboul, and then bestow upon him rich gifts so that he may turn Moslem. If Old Save, the Serbian Patriarch, is converted from the Christian to the Moslem religion, then all the Christian Serbs also will be converted and become Moslem."

Upon hearing this, the Sultan Suliman wrote a letter and sent it to Jerusalem to Old Save, the Patriarch of the Serbs, saying, "Oh, Old Save! thou Serbian Patriarch! Wilt thou come to Stamboul town and turn Turk? Do this so that all in the land may turn Turk likewise, and thus there will be no more strife among the people. I will make of thee a great ruler if thou wilt." The letter went to Jerusalem to Old Save, who read it and sent a reply to the Sultan Suliman. This is what he wrote: "Oh, my Lord Sultan Suliman! Come thou to Jerusalem, and pray in Turkish fashion for a whole week that fire may fall from Heaven and water flow from stone. If that happens, I will turn Turk and all the land with me."

When this reply came to the Sultan at Stamboul, he de-

Note.—For this story I am indebted to Miss M. Edith Durham, the well-known authority on Balkan problems, who very kindly placed at my disposal the MSS. of the stories she had collected.

cided that he would go to Jerusalem with an army of twelve thousand men, and pray as Old Save had suggested. The army was ready at last, and after crossing the sea safely Sultan Suliman and his army arrived in Jerusalem. The Patriarch Save welcomed him hospitably and found quarters for his great army. Then Sultan Suliman and his hedjas and dervishes, his hajjis and muftis, prayed for a whole week. But all in vain, for no fire fell from heaven, nor did any water flow from the stones. Then the Sultan ceased praying, and Old Save rejoiced exceedingly.

The Patriarch called for three hundred monks in their long gowns and tall caps. They took off their caps and they held in their hands the books of the Gospel. They read their books and prayed for twenty hours, for twenty and yet four more, and lo! down there fell fire from the heavens till all the church was aglow. And water spouted forth from the stones till all the Sultan's army had drunk their fill.

When Sultan Suliman saw it, he raised his hands and would have made the sign of the cross, but his Chief Minister stopped him. "In the name of Allah, oh, Sultan Suliman, do not leave they faith and become Christian. Let us give the Christians a handsome gift instead. Write an order for three horse lords of wax and of incense to be paid yearly to God's Holy Church." Sultan Suliman listened to him and remained Moslem, but he signed an order for a yearly present of wax and incense to be given to God's Holy Church in Jerusalem.

THE DWARF MINERS

A Story from the Harz

Near the town of Grund at the western end of the Harz is a peak called the Hübichenstein. This rock was sacred to the King of the Dwarf Miners. He had such shaggy hair that he looked like a bear, was very small and short, and very old in appearance. He was exceedingly clever in the use of herbs as medicine, and many a villager was cured by him. The one thing which annoyed him seriously was for any rash person to try to climb the Hübichenstein, and whenever this happened the unfortunate person was sure to be found dashed to pieces at the foot of the rock.

In the forest house at Grund lived a forester and his only son. The latter was a good boy and a clever one, and his father was quite wrapped up in him. One day the lad was out with some companions in the forest when they chanced to discuss stories about the Hübichenstein. The forester's son did not believe a word of the story about the King of the Dwarf Miners, and said he would climb to the top himself, stand upon the stone there, and thus prove there was no truth in it. His friends tried to keep him back, but the youth would not listen to them, and soon climbed the steep rock and stood upon its stony summit. There he mocked his companions and said they looked no bigger than dwarfs themselves.

Just then a wind sprang up and the youth thought he had better descend. Alas! he could not move at all: some unseen power held his feet fast chained to the stone, and his friends below were quite unable to help him. At last the youth pleaded with them to kill him, saying that he would prefer that death to staying where he was until the King of the

Dwarfs dashed him to pieces. No one was willing to do this, but many ran to tell the youth's father of his misfortune. Frantic with grief, the unhappy man went out determined to end his son's misery by killing him.

On his way to the Hübichenstein he was quite overcome with grief and sorrow. Suddenly a little man with a snow-white beard stood before him, leaning on a fir branch. "Good luck to you, friend," said the little man; "where are you going so late at night?" At first the poor man was too full of grief to reply, but when the little man tried to comfort him and offered his help the old forester told the sad story. As he told it, he wept and said how hard it was that such a misfortune should have overtaken his son, who was so good and gentle that he had never hurt even a child and was the only comfort left to his lonely father. The little man disappeared quite suddenly, and the father went on his way till he reached the foot of the Hübichenstein. But when he would have tried to kill his unhappy son and thus end his sufferings, hundreds of little men appeared who beat his legs with thorns and brambles, pelted him with fir cones, and finally drove him away.

No sooner was he out of sight than all was confusion and running to and fro upon the Hübichenstein. Innumerable little men appeared who carried iron ladders and laid them on the rock from foot to summit. Other little men carried brazen mining lamps to light their companions at their task. The first to climb the ladder was the King, holding in his hand a silver mining lamp whose rays shone on his long, snow-white beard. When he reached the summit he said to the forester's son, "Who told thee to climb my stone? I am minded to fling thee head first to the ground, and would do so were it not that I have compassion on that good old man, thy father."

Then the King of the Dwarfs took the charm from the youth's feet, so that he could move them again, and ordered him to climb down the ladder. But the youth's knees shook beneath him and he could not place his foot upon the first

rung. The King pitied him and called to his men, who carried him swiftly and easily down the ladder and took him into the King's palace beneath the Hübichenstein. The room in which they found themselves glittered with galena, the roof was formed of a single piece of gleaming white spar, and in it were set crystals which filled the room with light. The floor was strewn with fragrant green fir branches. The table was of brown iron ore, and on it was spread a feast of strawberries and raspberries. After the King and the youth had eaten, the King struck the iron table with a silver hammer so that it gave out a sweet bell-like note. Immediately the King's servants brought silver vessels full of a most refreshing drink, and after the youth had quenched his thirst he felt quite strong and brave again.

The King then showed him his treasures and told him that he was not an enemy but a friend of mankind. He begged the forester's son to try when he had returned home to prevent his fellow villagers from injuring the Hübichenstein. "For," said the King, "when it crumbles away my power will be gone." The forester's son promised that he would do as the King asked, and then he was led into another room, on which was a bed of moss. Here he fell asleep. In the morning he woke to find that he was lying at the foot of the Hübichenstein, with a heap of silver by his side.

He told his story to the villagers, who were very careful to see that no one injured the Hübichenstein. So Grund continued to be peaceful and prosperous, for the King of the Dwarf Miners kept his promise and helped mankind as long as the Hübichenstein was not injured. But when an army came through and destroyed the Hübichenstein, the King and his people departed and have never been seen since.

VÖLUND THE SMITH

A Swedish Story

Long ago three sons of the King of the Finns came to settle at Ulfdal in Sweden, near the margin of a lake called the Wolf Waters. The three were mighty hunters and travelled swiftly over the frozen land on their snow-shoes, returning at night to the house they had built not far from the Wolf Waters.

Early one morning they arose and went towards the lake. There they saw a most unexpected sight, for seated near the water were three lovely maidens spinning flax, and by the side of each maiden was a complete swan's plumage. The princes soon made friends with the strangers and invited them to return with them. Great was their joy when each maiden chose one of the princes as her husband, so that the three were now happily married.

The youngest of the three princes was named Völund, and his bride was Alvit, daughter of a King of Valland. She and her two friends, who were also princesses, had come from the far north, from the land where the forests grew thick and dark. For seven happy years the couples dwelt by the margin of the lake, the elder brothers hunting the wild beasts and their wives spinning the precious flax.

But Völund learnt wondrous skill in the art of refining gold and of making beautiful rings and jewels. Also he could temper keen sword blades most skilfully. Alvit, his bright bride, encouraged and helped him. But when the eighth summer returned the three brides grew restless and longed for their southern home beyond the dark forests. The brothers returned weary from their wild hunting to find the house deserted. The swan wives had disappeared as

suddenly as they had come, and though the brothers searched most ardently no trace of them could be found.

Then the elder brothers set off to search for them, one went east and one west. But Völund remained in the house in Ulfdal and would not join in the search. He continued working at the red gold, and setting the gleaming jewels in it in the hope that some day Alvit, his bright bride, would return to him. Full many a ring he made and strung upon linden bast while thus he waited.

Now Nidud, the King of Sweden at that time, learnt that Völund was alone, and plotted to seize him and make him spend the rest of his days working for him. In the night men whose armour gleamed in the pale moonlight rode up to Völund's house whilst he was out hunting. They sprang from their horses' backs on to the galled roof and managed to enter. Their eyes glistened with greed as they lighted on the seven hundred golden rings of Völund strung upon the linden bast. But after fingering them over they took only one and then returned the rest to the string and left the house.

Völund, the mighty hunter, came gliding on his snow shoes from the chase. He made a fire of the wind-dried branches of the fir and set the bear's flesh to roast. Then, making a carpet of the bear's skin, he sat upon it and counted over his precious rings. When he found that one was missing he rejoiced exceedingly, for he felt sure that Alvit, his bright bride, must have returned and taken it. Full of happy thoughts of a pleasant meeting he fell fast asleep. Alas! in that sleep all joy of life was torn from him. For when he awoke he felt heavy fetters upon his hands and feet. "Who are these that have bound me, the owner of the rings?" cried he.

Then Nidud, King of Sweden, who had entered with his men, replied, "Whence gottest thou our gold, O Völund?" But Völund replied, "There was no gold in Ulfdal, far is it from the hills of the Rhine. The gold is not thine, but mine. Much gold had we at home, and Alvit, my bright bride,

owned much." Then he muttered to himself, "Oh, unhappy Völund! Little mirth awaited thee on thy return from the forest."

King Nidud gave the rings that had belonged to Alvit to his wife and daughter and took Völund's finely tempered sword for his own use, while the wretched owner, closely fettered, stood helplessly by. The King ordered his men to lame Völund so that he could not escape, and afterwards to place him on a lonely island. Here his forge and tools were brought to him, and he was compelled to work for the wicked King. None visited him save Nidud, for the King feared lest someone else should try to carry off the clever craftsman to work for them. Völund mourned and grieved and sang, "The sword which I whetted and tempered so cunningly now shines in Nidud's belt. The bright blade is forever lost to me. My consort's red-gold rings adorn King Nidud's daughter. Alas! for this there is no remedy."

Rarely did he sleep, and he plied his hammer with the energy of despair, filled with rage against the cruel Nidud. Little joy did his cunning craft now bring him, for his bride was lost and his home ruined. He himself was most cruelly lamed so that never again could he stir abroad or join in the fierce hunt.

DUNWALLO AND HIS SONS

A British Story

Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh writer of the twelfth century, begins his "History of the Kings of Britain" thus:—

"Britain, best of islands, lieth in the Western Ocean betwixt Gaul and Ireland. . . . Whatever is fitting for the use of mortal men the island doth afford in unfailing plenty. For she aboundeth in metals of every kind; fields hath she stretching far and wide, and hillsides meet for tillage of the best. . . . Forests also hath she, filled with every manner of wild deer, in the glades of the forests groweth grass that the cattle may find pasture, and flowers of many colours that offer their honey unto the bees that ever flit busily about them. Meadows hath she, set in pleasant places, green at the foot of misty mountains, on which are sparkling well springs clear and bright, flowing forth with a gentle whispering ripple in shining streams that sing sweet lullaby unto the folk that lie upon their banks. Watered is she by lakes and rivers in which is much fish, and by three noble rivers, Thames, Severn and Humber. These she stretcheth forth as if they were three arms by which she taketh in the traffic from oversea brought to her from every land in her fleets. By twice ten cities and twice four was she graced in days of old. Some are now fallen into decay with shattered walls and desolate places, whilst some, still whole, do contain churches of the saints with towers built wondrous fair on high."

The history then goes on to give an account of the many different peoples that came to settle in this pleasant land, and of the strife and discord that grew amongst them. At last there arose a certain youth named Dunwallo, son of the

King of Cornwall, who was famed far and wide for his strength and skill. He became the leader of a great army, and after a fierce struggle he defeated the many rebels in the land, overthrew their cities and fortresses, and brought peace to the whole island. Afterwards he fashioned for himself a crown of gold, and framed wise laws for his subjects. Among other things he ordered that, if any man in fear of his life took refuge in the temples of the gods in certain cities, he should be forgiven by his enemy and should be allowed to depart freely. He also ordered that the ways to these temples and cities should be held sacred from bloodshed, and that the ploughs of the husbandmen should never be taken from them on any excuse whatever. So wise and just a ruler was he that the cruelties of robbers ceased and no man dared to injure another. After a reign of forty years he died and was buried near to the Temple of Concord, which he had built as a hall of justice.

Dunwallo had two sons, Belinus and Brennius, and each wanted to succeed to his father's throne. They fought some battles, but were then persuaded to bring peace to the country by sharing the realm. Belinus, the elder, ruled the southern half and Brennius the northern. For five years they governed the country in peace and justice. But then certain mischief-makers began to persuade Brennius that his elder brother had no right to take the best part of the kingdom. They urged him to ask the King of Norway to help him to fight his brother Belinus. The misguided youth was all too willing to listen to these evil advisers, and went to Norway. He was received by the King of that country and married his daughter. In the meantime the news of his brother's doings had been brought to Belinus, who at once got together an army, marched into his brother's kingdom and took possession of the cities there. Now Brennius was at this time setting out from Norway with a great fleet which his father-in-law had given him, and was prepared to attack Belinus fiercely. He set out upon the level fields of the sea with a fair wind, and had no thought of being pursued by

any enemy. But it so chanced that the King of Denmark had hoped to win the daughter of the King of Norway for his bride. He was grieved beyond measure at the loss of her, and set off with his fleet in full sail to overtake Brennius and his wife. He fell suddenly upon their ships, and during the confusion of the sea-fight, he chanced to come alongside the ship on which was the damsel. He made her vessel fast to his own with grappling hooks, seized her and brought her on to his own ship. But whilst the barks were thus grappled together and were swaying about hither and thither in the deep sea, a wild squall overtook them. The rough winds tore the ships apart and the fleets were scattered in all directions.

For five days the vessel of the King of Denmark drifted before the tempest. At last it was cast upon the coast of Northumbria, and the King of Denmark and the damsel landed, little dreaming to what place this unlooked-for disaster had brought them. When the men of the country learned what had happened they took the King of Denmark and the damsel to Belinus, who was awaiting his brother's arrival. Along with the Danish ships thus wrecked upon the shore were three others, one of which belonged to the fleet of Brennius. Glad enough was Belinus when he heard who the prisoners were, but he was yet more glad that this had befallen him just at the very moment when he was most wishing to be revenged upon his brother. After a space of some days, Brennius got together a few of his ships again and landed in his brother's kingdom. When he heard that his bride had been taken prisoner, and that his brother had taken Northumbria for himself, Brennius sent messengers to Belinus. He demanded that his kingdom and his bride should be restored to him at once, and threatened to lay the whole island waste from sea to sea if his brother did not yield. Thereupon a great battle ensued and Belinus was victorious. Brennius escaped to Gaul by making shift to reach one ship that fortune threw in his way. Belinus then ruled the whole kingdom. He agreed to let the King of Denmark go home

with the daughter of the King of Norway on condition that Denmark should pay tribute to him every year, and to this the King agreed.

Belinus now found himself master of Britain from sea to sea, and set to work to enforce the wise laws which his father Dunwallo had made. He was specially careful to proclaim that the cities, and the highways that led to them, should be sacred from bloodshed, as Dunwallo ordered. A great quarrel arose, however, about these very highways, the people claiming that they could not remember where their boundaries were. King Belinus was not minded to leave any loopholes for quarrels about the law. He therefore set the workmen to build highways of stone and mortar from city to city, and proclaimed it as common law that dire punishment should be inflicted on anyone who broke the peace upon the King's highways.

But whilst Belinus was reigning in peace, his brother Brennius was in anything but a peaceful frame of mind. For he took it grievously to heart that he was banished from his country, with no chance of returning to enjoy the dignity he had lost. He gradually won the affection of every man in Gaul, and then told them of his desire to take his revenge upon his brother Belinus. They all with one accord agreed that they would go with him into any land to which he chose to lead them. A fleet was soon fitted out and launched upon the deep. A fair wind sprang up and Brennius and his companions landed on the island. Belinus and all the youth of Britain marched forth to meet Brennius and his Gauls. Their companies were still standing in orderly rank on their two sides just ready for battle when an unexpected thing happened.

The mother of both the boys was still alive, and the desire of her heart was to look again upon her younger son Brennius, whom she had not seen for so long a time. Accordingly, so soon as she had reached with trembling steps the place where he was standing, she flung her arms about his neck and stayed the yearning of her heart by kissing him

again and yet again. Then in a voice broken with sobs she begged him to forgive his brother. She reminded him that both he and Belinus had slept in her arms, and that each was dear to her. She also told him quite plainly that he had begun the trouble by listening to evil men and bringing a fleet from Norway to attack his brother.

Moved to a better spirit by his mother's prayers he yielded to her, and, doffing his helmet, walked forward with her towards his brother. Belinus, when he saw his brother thus coming towards him with a face of peace, flung aside his armour and ran into his embrace with a kiss. The brothers made friends at once, and disarmed their troops.

. . . . . .

The later deeds of Brennius may be read in Roman history, for he afterwards invaded Italy with an army of Gauls, and sacked and burnt the city of Rome, though the Capitol itself was saved from the Gauls by the wakefulness of the sacred geese. Many stories are told of him, one being that he and his Gauls agreed to accept a certain sum of gold as a ransom for the city. One of the Romans complained that the gold was not being properly weighed. Upon this Brennius threw his heavy sword into the scale. When he was asked the meaning of the act he replied, "Woe to the conquered." The Romans understood the hint and made no more complaints.

ELIDYR AND THE GOLDEN BALLS

A Welsh Story

Many centuries ago there lived in South Wales a little boy named Elidyr. His parents wished him to become a priest and sent him to a famous teacher to learn his letters. Alas! the boy did not take kindly to the task, and many were the blows he received from his angry teacher. In fact he found, as King Solomon says, that "The root of learning is bitter, although the fruit is sweet."

So bitter did Elidyr find it that one day he ran away and hid in a hollow in the bank of a little stream. For two days he remained there without food, and even hunger did not drive him forth to face the hated lessons. At the end of this time he looked up and saw two tiny men standing before him. They seemed quite touched by the poor child's misery and said to him, "If you would like to come with us, we will take you to a very pleasant country where you can play many games."

The little fellow was quite delighted, and eagerly jumped up to go with his strange new friends. The tiny folk led him through many an underground path into a most beautiful land, where there were streams and fresh green fields, woods and shady trees. There was no sunlight, for all the days were cloudy and the nights were black and dark, for no moon and stars shone.

Elidyr was brought before the King of the country, and after the King and court had examined him very carefully, it was decided that the newcomer should be a playmate for the King's little son, who was about the same age as Elidyr. The people of the country in which he now found himself were not nearly so tall as the men of his own home. But they were very finely built, had fresh complexions and long

hair which fell in curls about their shoulders. They had horses and greyhounds, but did not hunt much, for they ate neither flesh nor fish, but lived on milk and milk foods mixed with saffron. They were exceedingly truthful, and when they returned from their visits to the land where Elidyr used to live they often railed against the people whom they had met, saying they were greedy for the wrong things and did not love the truth.

Occasionally, at long intervals, Elidyr returned to his mother's home. There he told her of the happy times he had in his new home, and of the riches of his friend and playmate, the little prince. Amongst other wonders he mentioned specially the beautiful golden balls with which he and the little prince played, and said how plentiful gold was in that land. This made his mother long for the precious metal, and she would often beg her son to bring her a little present of gold on his next visit to his home, saying that a small piece of gold would never be missed by people who had such an abundance of it. Alas! Elidyr yielded to the temptation, and one day, while playing with the King's son, he stole a golden ball. This he brought in great haste to his mother, but just as he was crossing the threshold of his home, his foot slipped and the ball fell to the ground and rolled away.

Elidyr thought that he had run off without having been seen by any of the tiny men, but in this he was much mistaken. The very moment the ball began to roll from him, it was seized by two of the men who had followed the boy home. They showed every sign of contempt and disgust at the boy's ungrateful theft, and finally departed to their home, carrying with them the precious ball. For a long time Elidyr was so overcome with shame that he dared not try to face his friends in the other country. When, at last, he summoned his courage and sought the cave through which he had found his way, it had disappeared altogether; and although he searched for many a long day, he was never again able to find it. Nor did he ever again catch a glimpse of the little men.

When he was older he took to his lessons more kindly and finally became a priest. Yet the thought of the base ingratitude which he had shown to his former friends was always a grief to him, and when he was quite an old man and was telling the story of his childhood to David II., Bishop of St. David's, he shed many bitter tears. He told the good Bishop of the many kindnesses of his strange friends, and often recited some of the foreign words which he had learnt from them. The Bishop was much interested in these words, for many of them were very similar to Greek words, but as neither he nor Elidyr ever found their way to the little people, no more is known about them.

. . . . . .

The story was first written down by a Welshman named Giraldus Cambrensis, who lived in the twelfth century, and was a nephew of the very Bishop of St. David's to whom Elidyr told this story.

THE ADVENTURES OF ART, THE SON OF CONN

An Irish Story

Conn, King of Ireland, lived in Tara of the Kings for nine years. Eithne, daughter of the King of Norway, was his queen and helpmate, and very dearly did he love her. During the nine years of their rule the men of Ireland lacked nothing, for indeed the harvests were so good that the corn was reaped three times a year. But at the end of that time the beloved Eithne died and was buried at Tailltiu with every mark of honour. Conn grieved deeply for her, and gave no more thought to the good government of his country. Just at that time the Tuatha-de-Danann had met in council in the Land of Promise and had banished the damsel Becuma because of her misdeeds. They sent her to Ireland because they had hated that country ever since the Milesians had driven them from it. Some few of their race had remained in Ireland in the fairy mounds, and to these few messengers were sent by the members of the Council in the Land of Promise. The news of Becuma's misdeeds was spread by these messengers to all the fairy mounds so that she should not find a resting-place for her head in any of them.

As for the maiden herself, she found a coracle and was blown by the wind across the sea till she came to the shores of Ireland. Here she hid her coracle in a cave and climbed the hill near Tara. Upon the hill sat Conn, mourning and lamenting for Eithne. Now this was the fashion of Becuma. She had a green cloak about her, with a fringe of thread of red gold. Next to her white skin was a red satin smock and on her feet were sandals. Soft and yellow was her hair, grey her eyes, and her skin like the driven snow,

though her eyebrows were black as night. Slender and shapely were her dainty limbs. Such was Becuma, and she sat down beside Conn. He asked her who she was, and the wicked Becuma smiled at him and said she was Delbchaem, daughter of Morgan. She bewitched Conn so that he not only married her, but even agreed to banish his son Art from Tara for twelve months. Yet was his mind troubled at banishing his son without any cause. Conn said to Art, "Leave Tara and Ireland for a year, and make thy preparations at once, for I have pledged myself to this." The men of Ireland deemed it a great wrong that Art should be banished for the sake of a woman. But he left Tara that very night, and Conn and Becuma were a year together in Tara.

The men of Ireland no longer prospered, however, for during that year both corn and milk failed in the land. There was distress and famine everywhere, and all the Druids were called together. They declared that Ireland could only be saved by slaying the son of a sinless couple and sprinkling his blood on the earth of Tara. When Conn heard this he assembled the men of Ireland and said, "I will go in quest of the sinless boy, and do you give the kingdom of Ireland to Art in my absence."

Conn then set out in a coracle and wandered about among the isles for six weeks, trusting to the stars to guide him in his course. His coracle rose and fell swiftly upon the waves, and around it swam seals and porpoises and many strange beasts of the sea. Then his coracle came to a strange island, and he landed and hid it in a secret place. The island had fragrant apple trees and many wells of wine, with clustering hazel trees about the wells: bees were humming everywhere, hovering over the fruits. Near by was a hostel thatched with birds' wings, white and yellow and blue. Its doorposts were of bronze and its doors of crystal. Within Conn saw the Queen and her son Segda.

Conn sat down on the bedside of the hostel and was tended carefully and his feet were washed. Yet he did not see anyone washing them! A flame was kindled on the

hearth, and the hero was led thither. Food was placed before him and wine in a finely wrought goblet of blue crystal with three golden hoops about it. Yet Conn did not see anyone placing these things for him! On the morrow Conn arose and told the household of the trouble which had fallen upon Ireland. "What is thy trouble?" said they. "That Ireland has been without corn and milk for a year," replied Conn. "Why hast thou come hither?" asked the Queen. "In quest of your son Segda," replied Conn, "If you are willing. It has been told us that the son of a sinless couple should be invited to Tara and should bathe in the waters of Ireland." "Alas! alas!" said Segda's father, "we would not lend our son for the kingship of the world." But the young man himself broke in, "Evil it is not to agree to what the King of Ireland asks. I will go with him." "If that is so," said the household, "go from us, but go under the protection of the Kings of Ireland, and of Art, son of Conn, so that thou shalt come back safely to us." Conn promised that all this protection should be given to Segda if he could possibly arrange it.

So Conn and Segda went off in the coracle, and after a sail of three days and three nights they reached Ireland. The Druids were awaiting them and said that the young man must be slain so that his blood might refresh the withered trees and the parched earth. But Conn placed Segda under the protection of Art and the other kings who gladly received him. But the men of Ireland would not receive him under their protection and wanted the Druids to sacrifice him. As soon as the council ended, the young man cried out with a loud voice, "O men of Ireland, since ye have agreed to slay me, let me be put to death." Just at that very moment there was heard the lowing of a cow and the wailing of a woman. They looked up and saw a cow and a woman coming towards the assembly. The woman sat down by Conn and asked who was trying to cause the young man to be put to death, though he was under the protection of Conn and Art and the others.

"Where are those Druids?" said she. "Here," said they. "Well," said she, "find out for me what are the two bags which you see, one on each side of the cow." "We do not know," said they. "I know," said she; "a single cow that has come here to save that innocent youth's life. Let the cow be slaughtered and her blood sprinkled on the soil of Ireland and the doors of Tara, and save the boy. When the cow has been killed, let the bags be opened and there are two birds inside, a bird with one leg, and a bird with twelve legs." Everything was done as the woman said, and then the two birds began to fight. The one-legged bird beat the twelve-legged bird. The men of Ireland marvelled at that, but the woman said, "You are the twelve-legged bird, but Segda is the one-legged bird, and he shall escape because he is in the right. It would be better for those Druids to be hanged!" And the young man was not put to death. The woman told Conn that there would never be corn and milk in Ireland as long as Becuma was at Tara. Then she called her son, even Segda, and took leave of the men of Ireland and went off with him. Jewels and treasures were offered to them, but they refused to accept anything.

In the meantime Art had gone in search of Delbchaem, the daughter of Morgan. After many strange adventures he reached Morgan's palace, and very pleasant it was. Bronze gates were set about it, and there was a dainty bower wherein sat the maiden Delbchaem. She had a green cloak about her, with a gold pin at the breast. Her bright gold hair was long and her eyes were shining. She was wise in counsel and very skilled in embroidery, and she rejoiced to see Art, the son of Conn. He was taken into her bower, and his feet were washed and he was prepared for battle. On his head was a fine dark helmet of red gold. His sword was wide-grooved, very sharp were his two spears, and he wore a satin mantle. When Morgan challenged him to battle, Art sprang forward fiercely and soon overcame his enemy. Art and Delbchaem then set forth for Tara, carrying with them much gold and silver. Warmly was Art welcomed at

Tara by all save the wicked Becuma. But Art ordered that sinful woman to leave Tara, and she arose and left the halls without a word of leavetaking. Art and Delbchaem then ruled in the place of Conn and Becuma. The nobles of Ireland loved to hear Art sing of the many adventures he had had in his search for Delbchaem, daughter of Morgan.

FIONN AND THE BENT GREY LAD

A Story from Argyllshire

Fionn and his men lived in Erin and often went out hunting. One day they had had excellent sport and returned home in the evening with burdens of venison and burdens of fuel to make a fire to boil the venison. A heavy shower of hailstones fell upon them, and they took shelter by the side of a dyke. When the shower was over, they saw the Bent Grey Lad coming towards them, bareheaded and barefooted. The nail of the big toe of his right foot was seven inches long, and he had a piece of rope under his right arm. He said to Fionn, "Hail to you!" Fionn said, "Hail to yourself, Bent Grey Lad! Whence have you come?"

"From every place in which I have ever been, whether I get away from this place or not," said the Bent Grey Lad.

Fionn said, "What are you in search of? Wrestling or fighting or a master." The Bent Grey Lad replied, "I am a fellow looking for a good master if one is to be found." Fionn said, "What trade are you good at?" "I am good at carrying burdens and kindling fires." Fionn said, "My company were never more in need of such a man. What wages do you ask for a year and a day's work?" The lad said, "The wages I ask is permission to sit at the same table as yourself." "If you are not worthy of that," said Fionn, "you are bad indeed."

The Bent Grey Lad then took service with Fionn, and said it was a great honour to sit at the same table as Fionn and share his cup with him.

Fionn then told him to take a share in carrying the burdens, for the men were very tired. "That I will," said the lad. He then took the rope from under his arm, stretched

PLATE XII

The Ardagh Chalice

it on the ground and called aloud, "Whoever is tired, let him put his burden here." First one man and then another brought his burden, and the Bent Grey Lad drew out the rope until it was double the length it was before, and all their burdens were laid upon it. He caught the rope and drew the burdens together tightly and firmly and said to Fionn, "Come here and lift the burden on my back."

"I will not," said Fionn, "I cannot lift it." "Well," said the lad, "you have the name of being strong men, and it surprises me that you cannot lift the burden on me." He took hold of the rope himself, gave the burden a tug and there it was up on his back! Then he said to Fionn, "Where do you wish me to make a fire?" "On Ben Eidinn." The Bent Grey Lad said to Fionn, "You had better lead the way, as you know the country." Fionn did so. The nail of the Bent Grey Lad's right foot was so long that it tore Fionn's clothes, and he went so quickly that Fionn could not get out of the way. The lad then said, "You had better let me lead, for I'm hurting you."

The big lad then went on so swiftly that he had reached Ben Eidinn, kindled a fire, put the venison in the cauldron, and got it boiling nicely before the swiftest of Fionn's company arrived. Before the stragglers had arrived the venison was boiled, and the share of every two and the share of every three put together. And Fionn and the Bent Grey Lad had their share put together and ate it together.

Now Fionn had in the company a little paltry fellow called Conan, who was very cross. Conan got up and said, "I cannot live if the Bent Grey Lad and my king are to be at the same table and cup for a year and a day." Fionn said to him, "Whisht! you creature, you are always cross. Hold your tongue, for it's the lad's wages, and he's well worthy of it. The lad has done a thing that all of you put together could not do."

Conan said, "I'll tell you what we'll do to him." Fionn replied, "I think it would be shameful to send him away

seeing that he only came to-day. I never had a servant before who performed the feat that he did to-day."

Conan said, "We will send him to Lochlann for the square cup of our company which the King of Lochlann took from us seven years ago. We have had many a battle for it, but have never recovered it. We will send the Bent Grey Lad for it. I know he will not escape with his life."

"We will leave it so," said Fionn. Then he said to the Bent Grey Lad, "I am going to send you on an errand, to fetch the square cup of our company from the King of Lochlann." "Well," said the lad, "you have a good opinion of me! Many a battle have you had for it and been baffled."

At daybreak the Bent Grey Lad arose and dressed and went away. He had a favourable crossing to Lochlann, arrived at the King's palace in the darkness of night and struck the door with the palm of his hand. The doorkeeper asked, "Who are you?"

"A good candle-holder," replied the Bent Grey Lad. The doorkeeper went and told the King that there was a candle-holder at the door. "That is well," said the King, "to-day our candle-holder left us. Let the man in."

The doorkeeper let him in and brought him up to the room where the King and the gentry were. He was then given a candle to hold in his hand. The gentry were eating and drinking, and presently the Bent Grey Lad grew tired of holding the candle. "I have sat and stood in many a King's and many a knight's court," said he, "but never in so unmannerly a court as that of the King of Lochlann." "What unmannerliness do you see in my court?" said the King.

"I'll soon tell you," replied the lad; "you are eating and drinking there ever since I have come in, and you have not yet asked the candle-holder if he has had any food or drink."

"That is true," said the King, "give him a drink." They gave him the square cup of Fionn's company, but there was not a drop in it. The big lad said, "The most unmannerly thing of all is to give a man an empty vessel." The King

answered, "That is the square cup of Fionn's company, and any drink you think about will be in the cup at once." The Bent Grey Lad thought of it full of water. Then he dipped the candle in it and thus threw the room into darkness. He dashed off, and though he was pursued, all the men in Lochlann could not overtake him.

He returned to Erin, and, after landing, he went to Ben Eidinn where Fionn and his company were met together. When he was near the place, whom should he meet but Conan. "You have come," said Conan. "Have you got the cup?"

"I have," said the lad, "and if I hadn't, you could not get it." Conan then said, "You and I must try which can leap farthest." The lad said, "I'm tired enough of leaping since I left you. Where shall we go to leap? Conan said, "There is a little lake up here, and we shall try which of us will leap best over it." When they reached the lake the big lad said, "You leap first." Conan did so, but landed in the middle of the lake so that the water covered him except for his head. The big lad leapt, and in leaping caught Conan by the hair and brought him to land on the other side. "Ah!" said Conan, "If my feet had not slipped, I should have leaped as well as you." Then he began to wrestle with the Bent Grey Lad. However, the latter soon put him under and bound him by his four "smalls," that is his ankles, knees, wrists, and elbows, and left him there.

Then he went to Fionn, gave him the cup, and said that he was leaving Fionn's service. "I will not part with you thus," said Fionn. The Bent Grey Lad said, " I will not stay on any account whatever, for if there were nothing else but Conan, I could not put up with him." Then he bade the King farewell and went away.

Fionn and his men left Ben Eidinn, came to the seaside and set up their tents near a wood from which they could conveniently get fuel. One day, as Fionn was taking a walk along the shore, he saw a boat coming in, rowed by one man. The man stood up and cried, "Hail to you, Fionn! You

must come to the feast and lodge with me to-night." "Where is your dwelling-house?" said Fionn. The man in the boat answered, "You are a wise man. Find that out for yourself." He pushed the boat away with his oars and sailed off on the ocean. Fionn went on walking along the seashore and saw seven lads bare except for their shirts coming to meet him.

"Hail to you, young lads!" said he. "Hail to yourself!" replied they. Fionn asked where they were going, and they told him they were looking for work. He asked if they had a trade, and each said he had. Fionn said to the first, "What trade have you?" "I am a carpenter." "What carpenter work are you most expert at?" "I can make as good a ship as ever went on salt water with three blows from the point of my shoe on an alder-stock." "Good," said Fionn, "I will take you." Fionn asked the second, "What trade have you?" "I am a soothsayer." "What can you divine?" "I can tell that which has come and that which has not come." "I will take you," said Fionn. Fionn asked the third, "What trade have you?" "I am a good tracker. I can follow the track of a duck swimming during three tides." The fourth told Fionn that he was so expert a thief that he could steal the egg of a crane even if she were watching him. The fifth said he could climb a castle even if it were a mile high and covered with eel-skin. The sixth said he was so expert with the bow and arrow that he could break an egg on its small end even if it were three hundred yards away. The seventh said he was a man who took firm hold of everything and had never loosed his hold, however great the strength put forth against him. Then Fionn engaged them all. They said they had long ago heard of the fame of Fionn and his company and felt it a great honour to be his servants.

First Fionn asked the soothsayer who had spoken to him from the boat. The man told him that it was the King of Lochlann. The Queen had had each of her three little sons stolen from their cradle, and now there was a fourth baby, and the King and Queen of Lochlann were much afraid lest

it too should be stolen. The King had been told that if he could get Fionn and his seven lads to watch the baby it would be saved.

Next Fionn ordered the carpenter to make a ship, which he speedily did. It was put out to sea, and Fionn and his seven lads went on board. They hoisted the spotted towering sails to the slender yet tough masts. They had a pleasant breeze, just such a one as they would have chosen, one that would take the heather from a hill, the foliage from a wood and the young willow from its base. Quickly the vessel cleared its way through the light blue, light green, light red Scandinavian sea. They reached Lochlann, hauled the ship ashore and went up to the palace of the King of Lochlann. The King went out to meet Fionn and gave him a cheerful welcome, and said he had done well to come. Fionn and his seven lads were given a splendid feast and then sent to watch the cradle of the baby. Presently there came the sweetest music ever heard, and the seven men of Fionn all fell asleep. Fionn would have fallen asleep too if he had not made the poker red-hot and put it where his chin would touch it every time he nodded with sleep! Soon a large hand was thrust through the roof down towards the cradle of the Queen's son. "Are you asleep, firm-holder?" called Fionn. "Not now," said he. Fionn ordered him, "If you have ever taken a firm hold, you have got to take it now."

The firm-holder rose, grasped the hand firmly by the wrist and the hand drew him up to the roof of the room. He planted his feet firmly against the roof and pulled the hand down till he struck his back against the floor. He gave the hand a tug and tore the arm from the shoulder.

If they had been sent to sleep by sweet music before, they were waked by horrible shrieking now! The whole house was roused, and great was the rejoicing that the baby had been saved. The King of Lochlann asked Fionn what reward he wanted. Fionn said he asked no payment if he could be given a good sword. "I'll certainly give you that," said the King, and took him into the armoury so that he

might select whichever sword pleased him best. Fionn handled and tried all the swords, but could not find one that pleased him. At last the King fetched his grandfather's claymore, and put it into Fionn's hand. That just suited Fionn, and he and the lads set off to the shore, launched the ship and returned to Erin.

APPENDIX

BY

H. J. FLEURE, D.Sc.

Professor of Geography and Anthropology at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth.

In her previous book of ancient tales Miss Fleming concerned herself specially with stories of creation and stories illustrating folk attitudes towards permanent human problems, though some of the tales bore upon the growth of human skill and the development of civilization. It is the latter topic which has chiefly occupied her in this second volume, so that the appendices which she prepared for the first book are at least as applicable to this one, and the present collection of tales should be even more directly useful to teachers who want to appreciate the background of history. Miss Fleming's suggestions (in the first book) for the utilization of tales in the teaching of history and of geography were so opposite, and arose so naturally from her varied and successful experiences in this matter, that it would ill become anyone else to attempt to rewrite them, especially as few people are so well read in the world's folk traditions as is our authoress.

The aim of this appendix is therefore the more detailed and subsidiary one of drawing together a few of the many points at which the tales make contact with the general story of mankind.

America was so poor in animals which could be domesticated, until Europeans brought her the sheep, the cow and the horse, that the native folk-lore of the New World is a

precious repository of the thoughts and ways of primitive lands. The tale of Kasiagsak reveals to us their simple communism, albeit with some notions of individual property in ropes and walrus teeth, with more space available other tales might have been added, bringing in tiny knives of meteoric iron, special harpoons and so on. The tale shows us some of the difficulties of communism due to human frailty, difficulties just as evident in other communist experiments among better equipped peoples. The Eskimo fairy tale shows us the hunter attributing personality and reason like his own to the beasts round about him, and it would be interesting to follow out the survival of this idea right down to the eve of modern times with the attribution of power to witches to transform themselves into black cats or vampires. Miss Fleming, as a good anthropologist, also shows us the process of domestication of the dog by the Eskimo, and the transition from hunting to corn-growing without herding accompaniments, among the Zuñi of New Mexico. It has too often been supposed that the sequence of civilization is hunting, herding, cultivation. That is not the case to any extent in the New World, and archæological evidence from Switzerland is increasingly suggesting that in some parts of the Old World cultivation is at least as old as herding. The Corn Maidens illustrate the debt of civilization to women as the pioneers of cultivation.

Man's reflections on the complexity of the web of life are very old indeed, and the story of the shrimp is an effective illustration here. The tales are full of other indications of simple nature-knowledge; the hoopoe needs water to keep his beak from cracking, and the bear gets tired, birds migrate and so on.

Most of the tales bring us closer to the beginning of historic time. The Doomed Prince, the hero facing the wild beasts, the young champion performing doughty tasks that he may win the heiress, are all good types of social relations as widespread as the settled civilization of the Old World. The frequent mention of an heiress may hint at the stage,

often passed through, in which a man owned land or ruled in his wife's right because descent was naturally reckoned through women and the men were a more unstable and fluctuating element in society. But doubts have been cast on the once supposed universality of the custom of counting descent and property rights through women, and it would not be advisable to take the stories in this book as necessarily parallel with others for all lands of settled life.

The beginnings of trade are suggested in several tales. Egypt needs wood and has relations with Lebanon and other lands. Gold bricks, precious stones, slaves and fine silk-work are features of ancient trade, for the slaves are beasts of burden as well as merchandise in themselves, but so costly and uneconomical is this scheme that only material of great value in proportion to its bulk and weight can be transported. Let us hope Miss Fleming may be encouraged by the success of this book to give us another almost entirely devoted to trade and bringing out the vast importance of salt as a commercial commodity, and also as a medium of exchange. The story of salt the old world over is a fascinating one not yet sufficiently studied.

The picture of Solomon's wealth and power arising from his command of the desert trade between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea is finely illustrated in the tale that brings in Queen Balkis, and it is an advantage to us who know of him mainly from the Hebrew side that we should learn what ideas of his might are current among those whose age-long tradition has been moulded by Islam. The fact that Solomon might plunder Balkis only so long as she remained outside the religion of Allah is an interesting sidelight on tribal morality.

The British tale of Elidyr has come down to us in the guise of a mediæval happening, but it far more probably relates to ancient trade, of which archæology gives us hints, along the shores of the western seas in prehistoric times perhaps back beyond the Bronze Age. Lest, however, we should fancy that early trade had the stable organization of

our great shipping and railway companies we have the very telling story of African trade, its barter and its most irregular gains and losses and hand-to-hand exchanges. With this in our mind we are enabled to follow far better than we otherwise might what may be called culture drifts, where some new item of human equipment is spread gradually, often almost insensibly over wider and wider areas often probably without war, invasion, migration or even highly organized merchant adventure. One of the Japanese stories tells us not only of Japan's permanent debt to China, but also of the coming of the orange into her borders from the Celestial land. The permeation of Japanese skill among the Ainu and the intermixture between immigrant and aboriginal peoples in the Archipelago are important points for us in trying to understand even the Japan of the present day. Japan's relation with China, Ceylon's with India, Britain's with Scandinavia, Gaul and so on, Ireland's with Scandinavia and Britain, all bring out the difficulties of unity in islands owing to their various contacts with adjacent lands and their tendencies to preserve differences.

The stories bring out again and again the power and the social value of craftsmanship in earlier development of settled life whether we think of the tale of the Weaving Goddess and her silk in China, or of the grim account of Völund the smith (our "Wayland," by the way) in north-west Europe. In the first volume Miss Fleming gave the story of Llyn y Fan Fach, illustrating among many other things the skill in dairying of the British Moorland people of antiquity. So we find to each region its special skill and get a glimpse of the human story with its ubiquitous struggle for the good life taking divergent turns according to the opportunities of each region. The springs of human activity are of the order of the universal, the special manifestations are local. Environment affects, but rarely completely dictates man's fate.

In the stories of Egypt we have the reference to the canals and the garden patches of cultivation watered by them and

separated from the canal and one another by the narrowest balks, and we may well recall the verse in Deuteronomy xi. which refers to the apparently unalterable cycle of cultivation and the kicking away of the sod ("where thou wateredst it with thy foot") to let the water into the little channels around the gardens. The ass is the beast of burden, and we note that the horse does not come into the story of Genesis until the very end. Egypt has somehow spread a great respect for her civilization over the lands to the north-east, and do not the merchants of the desert find a market for their spicery and balm and myrrh in that land of ancient civilization? But on the sea the might of Egypt is not felt so clearly, and Miss Fleming has chosen a fascinating illustration of this point in the story of the Egyptian ambassador.

Again, in the story of Crœsus, we have suggested to us the perennial contrasts between the farmer-fisher traders of the Ægean and the wild warriors from mountainous Media, with the rich lowlanders of Lydia betwixt the two and inclining now to the complexities of Greece with oracles and embassies but hereafter to the simpler, more direct thoughts of warriors of austere life. Is the situation on the coast lands of Asia Minor so very different to-day? In so far as it is, is not the great difference the destruction through war of the complex schemes of the lowlanders for reclamation and irrigation, a destruction which, once carried through, is very difficult to remedy, because the previous stage had probably cut down the forests that kept the soil on the hillsides and hindered the floods from spreading ruin in the plains.

The Lydians were afraid of the Median Horsemen, and illustrate for us the widespread conflict between warrior-herdsmen and less martial cultivators, whilst the story of the education of Cyrus as well as of that of Sargon bring out the consciousness of inferiority in manliness that a life of tillage brought with it, at any rate in early times. The sending of young men to the herdsmen or woodmen or the desert nomads for education in what makes a man is a fact of great

importance near the regions of wandering, and the relations between herder and tiller are brought out not only in the story of Cain and Abel but also in the reference (Genesis vi.) to the Sons of God and the Daughters of Men. Tales dependent upon this might well run side by side with tales of heroic adventure by disguised princes leading to marriage and a kingdom as a study of the earlier phases of the settled life. Among the settled peoples of Lydia the King cherishes his son. Among the Median warriors with less permanence of order the King is jealous of his son as a probable supplanter.

Miss Fleming has struck another important note in the story of the changeling, the herder's baby unable to stand the rough life substituted for the future Cyrus. These tales are found far and wide and rarely more clearly than in our British tradition. The humanising influence of settled life and the increase of value of human life as a factor of social development is another great point, and is brought out in the Japanese story of the substitution of images for human sacrifices as well as in the story of Art and Segda.

Folk tales have as their basis the interest of men in one another's ways in the time when even neighbour peoples had very distinct civilizations. This is shown more or less in every folk tale of the contacts of peoples, but the selected story of the Harz gives us as good a picture of two civilizations side by side and mysteriously aloof from one another as the story of the Great Drum. And it is a combination of adventure and skill that breaks down the barrier, and in the end promotes mutual understanding. The Serbian tale illustrates the same point, but also enlightens us strangely on the intimacy of Muslim penetration, for it says that there are but three women without Muslim blood in the whole land.

Chinese life is most properly illustrated by the story of filial devotion so characteristic of the ancient and stable family scheme which seems to have drawn men's attention away from the ideal of the state as power,

and thence to have helped the "Far East" and Far West to diverge very markedly from one another in thought and in conduct. The good Chinaman is a man of his word as the story says, and this is true to-day as it was thousands of years ago. The astonishment of the Chinese pilgrims at the caste system of India is nicely suggested, and the account of the wealth and civilization of the cities of Khotan, with their wonderful picture work, can be used as an introduction to the great discoveries of Sir Aurel Stein (see *Antiquaries' Journal,* July 1922, for detail) and to the wonderful collections now deposited by the discoverer in the British Museum. The little account of the Wheel of Life is a valuable suggestion of man's need of outward and visible signs be they images or crucifixes, tables of stone, sacred books or even Quaker costumes or Salvation Army cymbals; it is given with an appreciation of the inner meaning not too often found in accounts of the symbolisms of civilizations other than our own.

It was formerly the fashion to think of our own land as a den of dull and uninteresting savagery, of which we knew nothing, and to suppose that it was inhabited by peoples now vanished. The progress of enquiry has revealed to us that Norman, Viking, Saxon, Roman are but layers of veneer on a substratum persistent from remote times and possessing a continuity which is even more clearly seen. The error arose from the habit of crediting only written documents and forgetting that the handing down of oral tradition may be of the utmost importance. Dr. H. H. Thomas's recent demonstration that the inner circle of Stonehenge is composed of rocks from the Prescely Hills (Pembrokeshire), and that it may be a circle which existed as such there or elsewhere before being moved to its present situation is a valuable hint that not a little in Nennius, and even in Geoffrey of Monmouth, may come from oral traditions and be as much worth consideration for purposes of social history as the Greek traditions of Troy and of Minos. In the story Miss Fleming has chosen, we see the veering of British con-

nections from Scandinavia to Gaul, the establishment of cities of refuge, roads and administration of the law, in fact, a number of signs of the process of settlement of development of cultivation which can be followed in so many lands, but concerning which we have been so much in the dark in our own case. The accumulation of archæological evidence is steadily pushing us to look upon the pre-Roman Iron Age as a period of this type of development, and it is evidently worth while to keep on re-examining traditional histories with a view to the finding of links with the inferences of archæology. The importance of maritime background in British life is brought out by Miss Fleming's selection of stories, and leads us to realise more fully than of yore how old and how deep is Britain's interest in the silver sea.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE publications of the Folk Lore Society, c/o Sidgwick & Jackson, 3 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C., and of the Royal Anthropological Institute, 50 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1, are specially useful.

"The Clever Trader" is based on "Folk Lore," vol. iii. No. 1, March 1892, "Folk Lore Tales of Central Africa," by Rev. Dr. Elmslie; and the "Story from the Lushai Hills" is based on "Folk Lore," vol. xx., No. 4, "Folk Tales of the Lushais and their Neighbours," by J. Shakespear. "The Big Drum" is based on a story in the Royal Anthropological Institute's *Occasional Paper*, No. 3; "Ikom Folk Stories from Southern Nigeria," by E. Dayrell, and "The Wheel of Life" is based on N. W. Thomas's article in "Man," 1901 (Published by the Royal Anthropological Institute).

A short list of a few sources is given below.

Egypt.

Birch, "Records of the Past." 1875. 11 volumes.
Weigall, "Treasury of Ancient Egypt." 1911. Blackwood.
Breasted, "Ancient Records of Egypt." 5 vols. 1906-7. Chicago University Press (London: Luzac & Co.).

Arabia.

Sale's "Translation of the Koran." 1850.
Godfrey Clerk, "Ilem-en-Nas." 1873. D. H. S. King & Co.

Lydia and Persia.

Herodotus. Dent's translation.

Babylonia.

King, "Chronicles concerning Ancient Babylonian Kings." 2 vols. 1907. Luzac & Co.
Birch, "Records of the Past." 1875. 11 volumes.
Dhorme, "Textes Réligieux Assyro-Babyloniens." 1907. Gabalda & Co., Paris.

N. America.

The publications of the Bureau of American Ethnology are storehouses of American-Indian Folk Tales in general. Those given in this book are based on:

(i) Tlingit Myths and Texts. Swanton. Bull. 39 of Bureau of American Ethnology. 1909.

(ii) Zuñi Myths. Stevenson, 23rd Annual Report of Bureau of American Ethnology. 1901-2.

China.

Legge, "Chinese Classics." Translated. 5 vols. 1861-72. Trübner & Co.
Doré, "Recherches sur les Superstitions en Chine." 14 vols. 1911-19. Imprimerie de l'orphelinat de T'ou-sè-wè, Zi-ka-wei, Changhai.
Beal, "Buddhist Records of the Western World." 1884. 2 vols.

Ceylon.

The Mahavansa. Translated by L. C. Wijesera. 1889. G. Skeen, Colombo.

Polynesia.

Grey, Sir G., "Polynesian Mythology." 1885. Murray.

Japan.

Chamberlain, B. H., "Ko-ji-ki." Supplement to vol. x. of *Transactions of Asiatic Society,* Japan.

Ainu.

Batchelor, "Specimens of Ainu Folk Lore." *Transactions of Asiatic Society,* Japan, 1889-96.
Chamberlain, "Ainu Folk Tales." 1888.

Eskimo.

Rink, "Tales of the Eskimo." Translated 1875.

Africa.

"Folk Lore" and *Occasional Paper* of Royal Anthropological Institute as given above.
Bleek, "Reynard the Fox." 1864. Trübner & Co.
Rivière, "Contes Populaires de la Kabylie du Djurdjura." 1882.
Dayrell, E., "Folk Stories from South Nigeria." 1910. Longmans, Green & Co.

Serbia

Mijatovies, "Serbian Folk Lore." 1874.

Northern Europe.

Saemund's "Edda." 1866.
Thorpe, "Northern Mythology." 1851.

British.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, "History of the Kings of Britain." Dent's translation.
Giraldus Cambrensis. Translation in Bohn's Library.
McInnes & Nutt, "Folk and Hero Tales from Argyllshire." 1890.
The version of the Adventures of Art from Argyllshire is based on a translation of the Book of Fermoy given in *Eriu,* vol. iii. 1906-7. (*Eriu* is the Journal of the School of Irish Learning, Dublin.)

NOTE.—The above are a few of the more easily obtainable books drawn on for the present volume. For a bibliography as a background to the tales, readers are referred to p. 192 of "Ancient Tales from many Lands" (1921. Benn Brothers).